

# THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

THE DIAL (*founded in 1880*) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, \$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra. REMITTANCES should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL COMPANY. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired. ADVERTISING RATES furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to

THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 637.

JANUARY 1, 1913.

Vol. LIV.

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## LITERATURE AND THE UNDERGRADUATE.

On the occasion of the death of George Meredith, one of our college magazines justly plumed itself upon having recognized his genius a good while before it was recognized elsewhere in America, and even before England had rubbed her eyes to watch him a little more closely. In that day, the "progressive" spirit was less pronounced than it is now; in literature as well as in social and political movements, the "old fogies" were still venerable rather than antiquated. But with the change in the mood of the age, the past has receded into a dismal Boötean fog, the present has assumed the loveliest hues, and the future, arrayed in the magnificence of perfect novelty, is apparently on the point of making even the present seem conventional. The most intellectually alert type of student has bid perfunctory adieu to the giants of the old order, is often bored by living writers of acknowledged genius or talent, and spends his time in scanning the horizon for giants of a new breed, manifesting a radical cosmopolitanism such as we never expected to find in the universities. With blaring trumpets the press-agents announce the Irish dramatists: our latter-day college *littérateur* straightway parts company with Mr. Henry James, cries "Who are they? Hurray!" and flings his cap for Synge until he hears of a "corking" play by Wedekind. I have known students who "specialized" in the drama without enjoying even a nodding acquaintance (such as one gets in translations) with Sophocles or Euripides, Molière or Racine, without so much as an ability to read the Elizabethan English of Shakespeare—one of them, indeed, admitted to "hating" Shakespeare with particular fervor. These same students are indisputable authorities on dramatists and novelists of whom even their more "progressive" professors have barely heard, so that if a new Meredith were to appear to-morrow he would be instantly detected and lauded by a chorus of students in a number of universities and colleges. That would be well enough if Merediths were not so rare; but it is unfortunately true that our undergraduate watcher of the skies normally beholds, not new planets swimming into his ken, but only a succession of swift meteorites melting into non-existence.

It may be that this strict contemporaneity (almost futurity) of interest, is not to be regretted. American institutions of higher learning, unlike those of the Continent, have always been timid and conventional, without a strong desire for independent thought, and it is possible that the radical interests of our students may lead to a curiosity and breadth

of mind that have been only too rare in American education. Something will, indeed, suffer: delicately ornate poetry, prose that is strong because it is chastened and restrained, graceful comedy and opera,—these are not for the new generation. The new gods are Wells and Shaw, Meredith and Chesterton, Ibsen (already a little old-fashioned), Strindberg, the Irish school, indeed any writers who put genuine "red blood" into their work, who have broken violently with tradition, who have "a deep love for the primitive," who are socialistic, who are tremendously free of thought and speech. The college club devoted to Greek tragedy has been metamorphosed into a group of young men with a rosy Socialistic vision, and some of our college papers are avowedly given over to Socialistic propaganda,—one of them, for instance, asserting with modern openness that "the Socialistic party, it is a truism to say, stands to-day as the one consistent, progressive, self-respecting party in American politics." Above all—is the cry of young America in the colleges—let us not be prejudiced and reactionary: let us be absolutely outspoken. We will spare no man and no institution, we will revere nothing, but look the facts in the eye and speak out what we think. Such is the attitude, not only when young men or young women gather in earnest discussion, but also when young men and young women meet for social pleasure—no drawing-room prattle, as of overgrown children, but manly and womanly directness, even when the most delicate, or indelicate, subjects are broached.

All this may, I have said, lead to better things, and unfavorable comment may savor of old-fogeyism. We are told that what is radical to-day will be tame and conventional to-morrow; we are told, specifically, that a new era of frankness, sex equality, and social service is dawning. These things it is not for us to deny. In any event, however, we are surely justified in assuming that some of the new virtues are replacing older virtues that are quite as precious, and that a good deal of the new attitude is little better than attitudinizing. Despite all our talk of advanced thought in the colleges, it is to be feared that college students do not really think as much as they did in more sober decades, that the love of reflection has been smothered in a passion for "doing things," that action is tending to take the place of thought instead of following it. It is not yet clear that the reddest of red blood is better than true blue blood, or better than a favorable combination of the two—purple, or royal, blood. Action is extolled at the expense of wisdom—the prime token of a good king, a good student, a good man of any kind.

So much for the gospel of Red Blood as we find it in our colleges. It is the gospel of the most promising young men and women, those who are most alert and intelligent. If it is a sorry gospel, let us turn to another type of undergraduate who reads literature; in him we shall find another, though perhaps not nobler, ideal.

The second type of undergraduate who reads books (save in one or two colleges there are only two prominent types) is the student whose interests are not primarily literary. He is very likely specializing in engineering, or agriculture, or chemistry, or music, and he reads for momentary amusement rather than for pleasure and profit. He probably takes a course or two in English literature, does the reading required of him, but makes a sharp division between literature prescribed by the instructor's wisdom and literature prescribed by his own inclination; he will read a play of Shakespeare's, if one is assigned, but when he reads for diversion he will prefer Sherlock Holmes to Iago, and if he goes to the theatre will elect "Louisiana Lou" and not "Twelfth Night." He is not ashamed of his tastes—far from it, indeed so far that if you remind him that Shakespeare is more worth while than Conan Doyle he will assume that the burden of proof is yours.

Just what this type of student—the usual type of undergraduate—reads, can hardly be known without extended inquiry. As a result of several investigations, both in the East and in the West, I present the following data. Most students read virtually nothing but magazines. Of our multitudinous magazines, by all odds the most popular is the "Saturday Evening Post," partly because it costs less than the others, partly because it contains short stories in abundance. Next in order, but far less popular, are the "Cosmopolitan," "Everybody's," "Ladies' Home Journal" (in coeducational institutions), "Scribner's," "Popular Mechanics," "Red Book," then three or four others including the "Review of Reviews." These are read primarily for the short stories, secondarily for a knowledge of current events, and lastly for scientific information. A large number of students read no ephemeral novels; those who do read them prefer novels of an adventurous or sentimental cast—usually not the "red blood" fiction which one finds in a mild form in Mr. Kipling and in a virulent form in Mr. London. An equally large number of students read no standard novels; those who do, prefer Dickens, Scott, Cooper, Stevenson, and other writers in whose works adventure, sentiment, and sentimentalism are prominent. Poetry is, generally speaking, never read for pleasure, mainly because it is regarded as "hard to understand" and is somewhat "effeminate." Of the poems read in high school or college courses only those of Longfellow and Tennyson seem to make any impression on the student. As for the drama, the average undergraduate neglects whatever is worth his attention, calling it "dry" and "deep," and attends as many musical comedies and vaudeville performances as his purse will countenance; favorite "shows" are "The Slim Princess" and "The Soul Kiss."

No one, of course, would be foolish enough to deny that a great deal can be said in favor of each of these interests of the undergraduate; in themselves, they are laudable enough. Combined, however, it is clear that they are regrettably frivolous.

Now, as the immature mind is naturally somewhat frivolous, something like the foregoing state of affairs is what we should expect in any age provided the immature mind is permitted to roam unguided. Several decades ago,—back to 1636, if you will,—the literary tastes of the undergraduate were guided with more care and success than they are to-day. Theoretically, we still seek to guide his taste; but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that we have never done so with as little care or success. We condemn the narrow Puritan ideal to-day, but we should not forget that the Puritans educated the young to sturdy morality and citizenship. The classical education in vogue until the scientific spirit cast it aside was perhaps also too narrow; but whatever else it did or failed to do, it produced men whose tastes were less vulgar than are those of our day. Yet we should not condemn our present educational ideal merely on the ground that the reading habits it fosters are deplorable. For one thing, cultivating a love of good literature has been made extremely difficult on account of the noisily alluring yellow newspapers and magazines that belong uniquely to our own age; triviality and sensationalism have never surrounded the student, in a physical as well as figurative sense, as they do to-day. But the fact remains that the undergraduate's reading betokens a kind of uncivilization for which the yellow journals are only in part—probably in small part—responsible.

When the student interested in literature reads Shaw and Wells to the exclusion of Shakespeare and Thackeray (one intelligent undergraduate, by the way, remarks that he "cannot keep up with Wells as he writes faster than I can read"), and when the student interested in other phases of human activity reads almost nothing but the poorer short stories of this age of the short story; when, in brief, the love of good literature is on the verge of losing its last citadel, the college, we have reason to look with concern into the future. In our *laissez faire* democracy (it is less of that than it was), we are inclined to let the future take care of itself, assuming that if we go too far one way now, we shall in due time have a reaction and go the other way. Possibly this attitude is wiser than it seems. But before we follow the current blindly, we should pause to consider whether even materialism is not more effective if it is not altogether material,—whether, granting the paramount value of our present ideals, the present itself may not be bettered by the addition of some of the indirectly practical virtues. This idea is an old one, but it is not popular to-day—certainly not with the undergraduate.

For many a long year the cause of culture has suffered through the lusty growth of two laudable but relatively undesirable ideals: the athletic ideal, and the eagerness for practical training. The two are not without relation, since we are probably right in ascribing the athletic ideal to the gospel of Red Blood, to admiration of the man who "does things," the man of concrete achievement as contrasted with

the man of thought. So long as the builder of bridges, of model barns, and of more or less solid Socialistic platforms enjoys our respect at the expense of the man of taste and reflection and unrealized potentiality, so long will athleticism make us wonder what, after all, colleges are for. Colleges which are combating the exaggerated athleticism that distorts their aims, might more profitably combat the "practical training" fallacy by a readjustment in their requirements for degrees. We must understand clearly, before we can go far, the paradox already alluded to, a paradox that puzzles this age though it was clear enough to our forefathers, namely, that a "practical" education is less practical than an impractical one. Fortunately we are once more beginning to grasp this truth, partly by reaction from the excesses of the elective system; the new attitude—or rather the return to the old point of view—is manifested by the bold attempt to rehabilitate Greek and Latin at Amherst College, by the requirement at Oberlin that every graduating student shall have taken a course in one of the arts, by the action of Rutgers in making the Master's degree a symbol of two years' study in "elementary and liberal" subjects, and by the tendency at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton toward a general rather than special education.

Signs, then, are not wanting that "practical" study is to be tempered by liberal study, that specialization will not be a luxury for freshmen, but rather a necessity for graduate students. With the waning of early specialization we shall have, doubtless, a healthy decrease in the number of teachers of the latter-day Ph.D. type. The undergraduate ordinarily does not respect the new type of instructor, whom he regards, often unjustly it is true, as a dry word-grubber, a lover of the dullest manuscripts and palpably worthless books, a dehumanized precisian; he is repelled and driven into the camp of the athletes, where he is reasonably sure to find a coach whom he can honestly respect; or he is driven to his textbooks and to the laboratory, seeking, as men will, knowledge rather than wisdom. But if he is to make a man of himself, and not a physical or mental machine, he must be stimulated by humane instructors, professors of a type not often bred by our colleges as they are now conducted. No doubt we shall have more of these professors when specialization and "quick returns" are less eagerly sought and less readily obtained. Then, and not till then, will the love of good literature be found again in our colleges; then will the fiery young man, who spurns his professors of literature and, for want of guidance, holds admirable only what is novel and red-blooded, and the ordinary undergraduate, who, if he reads at all, finds pleasure only in light stories and Slim Princesses,—then will both types of undergraduates have an opportunity to acquire a love of good literature. Perhaps, some of them will even read poetry.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

## CASUAL COMMENT.

ROBERT COLLYER'S VOICE AND PEN never failed, up to the very end, to win him hosts of eager hearers and readers, though undoubtedly his living and breathing presence gave to his spoken word a power and a charm that could not be communicated to the printed page. "I wanted to touch his garments to see if virtue would not come out of him," said one whom the preacher's strong personality had attracted. For almost a score of years his home and the centre of his influence was Chicago, where he founded Unity Church and, as its pastor, was widely known as the most famous preacher in the West. Under his heroic leadership his church went through the great fire (which destroyed the building and left only two houses of his parish standing) and came forth dismayed but not disheartened. "At that time something went out of me," he once confessed to a friend. "Before that, thoughts pressed for utterance faster than I could write them. Now everything comes with effort." This helps explain his removal to New York and to a scene of less arduous labors a few years later. To that quieter afternoon of his life we owe some of his best published utterances. He wrote "Nature and Life," "The Life That Now Is," "The Simple Truth," "Talks to Young Men," "Things New and Old," "Father Taylor," and a delightful autobiography, "Some Memories," which latter, as he has said, "stole out from the mists of time by no effort of memory, but as if they had been waiting for those quiet mornings when they were written, I dare not say by inspiration from on High, but will say the inspiration of a grateful heart." Of him can be truly said what he himself said of his friend, Father Taylor, whom he resembled in the rugged strength, the homely simplicity, the sweetness and beauty of his character,—"He had his limitations, but was so sincere and so right where the fastness of all rightness dwells,—in a man's soul."

MAGAZINE POETRY OF THE YEAR just ended is passed in review by Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite in the Boston "Transcript." This is the eighth consecutive year that he has performed this service for students and lovers of American poetry, and in these eight years he has witnessed what seem to him encouraging signs of an increasing appreciation of poetry on the part of the public, and of growing ability to produce good verse on the part of the poets. "For the year just ended," he affirms, "there can be no doubt in the face of the proofs that American poetic art has entered upon a new era—an era that not only promises a better and higher quality of accomplishment, but also in which the commercial prosperity that formerly attended its publication will return." Among visible evidences of poetry's improving condition he cites the publication of "The Lyric Year," and four other notable collections of American verse, the establishment of two magazines ("Poetry," in Chicago, and "The Poetry Journal," in Boston) devoted to the interests of the art, and

the number and prominence of volumes of verse in the autumn output of books. Moreover, Mr. Braithwaite has been assured by the editor of one of our foremost magazines "that these annual articles on magazine poetry had the effect of compelling him to select 'distinctive' verse for his periodical, and not merely good verse." As in former years, six leading magazines have been examined by the appraiser, and this year a number of other periodicals have also been searched for distinctive pieces of poetry. The sixty-eight best poems, out of three hundred or more good ones published in the year, are named by Mr. Braithwaite; and from these, he says, he has chosen forty-two for his "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1912." These forty-two he also names, and likewise the twenty-one of preëminent worth out of the forty-two. Finally he chooses six of the thrice-sifted twenty-one and publishes them with his review in the "Transcript"; and these six are surely deserving of mention even in so brief a summary of Mr. Braithwaite's work as the present. The titles, authors, and periodicals, as given by him, are as follows: "He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed," Shaemas O'Sheel, "Forum"; "Hungarian Love-Lament," Ethel Syford, "Lippincott's"; "To Little Renée," William Aspenwall Bradley, "Scribner's"; "The Wife," Anna Spencer Twitchell, "Delineator"; "The Reveler: A Vineyard Song," George Edward Woodberry, "Harper's"; "As an Old Mereer," Mahlon Leonard Fisher, "The Bellman." Naturally, but unfortunately, the critic has excluded his own work from appraisal in this annual survey; but those interested need go no further than to "The Forum" (December) to find an example of it. No recent writer has served the cause of poetry more zealously and lovingly than Mr. Braithwaite.

WESTERN LITERATURE IN THE FAR EAST, especially in Japan, is winning increased favor. Mr. R. Matsushite, manager of the Maruzen Company, the largest importers of books in Japan, has recently been in London and New York for business purposes, and has of course been interviewed. His alleged assertion that the Japanese, though possessed now of a robust national consciousness, are humble at heart and still eager to learn from other nations, and that they study foreign languages and buy foreign books more than any other people, is easily credible. That they also buy more pure literature than books on science and industry, one is glad to believe. Foreign classics are read by them now more than ever before, Shakespeare being in especial demand; but modern authors of note are equally popular, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Strindberg, and Hauptmann find many appreciative readers. America sends to Japan more books on commerce and industry than on other subjects, our business methods being gladly studied and adopted there, while Germany contributes medical works, and other European countries those books in which Japan considers them especially strong. The American short story, it is gratifying to learn, and also American books about

Russia and from the Russian, are in favor with the Japanese; but America's commercial influence on Japan has far exceeded her literary influence, as was to have been expected in this day and generation. A slight but significant sign of the times is to be noted in Japan's recent adoption of foreign stationery. Our pens and ink are rapidly invading the island kingdom, where two years ago no official document could lawfully be written in European fashion; now, however, the steel pen may legally take the place of the camel's-hair brush—or whatever the old-fashioned native implement may be. But after all is said, a feeling of regret will arise at these evidences of the "standardization" of all modern civilization. Gain in uniformity means loss in picturesque variety.

PENALTIES OF LITERARY GREATNESS might almost be proved to exceed those of literary unsuccess and obscurity. Among recent celebrities, Mark Twain lamented in his last years that his popularity and prominence made it impossible for him to gratify his longing to visit once more in a quiet way the scenes and friends of his youth. When a disguise was suggested he shook his head. "No," said he, sorrowfully, "my drawl would give me away." Mr. A. C. Benson has in one of his books well depicted some of the annoyances that his own acceptability with readers has brought him. The great Dumas, to go back a few decades, probably enjoyed all the popularity he achieved; but the later attachment of his name to works rather feebly imitative of his genius might not have pleased him so well. Walter Scott was another who suffered at the hands of unscrupulous imitators. A writer in the New York "Evening Post" calls attention anew to pseudo-Scott catchpenny publications foisted on an unsuspecting public in the days before the author of "Waverley" had revealed himself. "Walladmor" came out in Germany as an attempt to supply the demand for a Waverley novel at the annual book-fair when no genuine product was forthcoming; and, nearer home, one William Fearman boldly issued a fourth and fifth series of "Tales of My Landlord" as from the hand of the Ganderleuch schoolmaster and parish clerk, Jedediah Cleishbotham. These spurious romances, "Pontefract Castle" and "The Fairy of Glas Lyn," their unscrupulous fabricator extolled as equal in merit to their predecessors in the series, and he wrote an impudent letter to John Ballantyne in answer to the bookseller's protest against the fraud. But Scott refused to take any action in the matter, confident that the counterfeits would enjoy but a brief currency; and he was soon proved to be in the right, as the bogus "Tales" failed to reach even a second edition, while the genuine ones have been reprinted hundreds of times.

THE VERSATILITY OF OUR LATE AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND must impress all who review even hastily the extent and variety of his achievements. Born at Xenia, Ohio, in 1837, Whitelaw Reid not unnaturally went for his college education to the near-by Miami University at Oxford, little dreaming

that another and more famous Oxford would one day bestow upon him its most coveted degree of D.C.L. The young man's quickness to learn enabled him to complete the college course in three years and to get his diploma at the early age of nineteen. A few years of teaching followed, then came newspaper work, service as staff officer in the war, a three-years term as librarian of the House of Representatives, cotton-planting in Louisiana, further journalistic experience, and in 1872 the editorship and chief ownership of the New York "Tribune," for which journal he built the first of the now too-familiar sky-scrappers. For this newspaper, too, he bought the first linotype machines, and organized a company for their manufacture and sale. In the field of education he also figured prominently, rising to the chancellorship of the University of the State of New York. In the diplomatic service, besides twice refusing the ministry to Germany, he has represented this country in France and England, and has accepted a number of extraordinary missions. As author he is known for his "After the War," "Ohio in the War," "Schools of Journalism," "Newspaper Tendencies," "Problems of Expansion," and many other published utterances, including a large number of public addresses on notable occasions. His well-selected library at his New York residence and that in his country house are ranked among the best of private libraries. So fine a union of statesmanship, scholarship, and executive ability is rarely met with.

A CURIOUS TENDENCY IN WORDS, a tendency not without its deeper significance, is their well-known habit of standing for exactly contrary meanings, illustrating, as it were, the ease with which all things pass into their opposites, the fondness that extremes have for meeting. Without dwelling on the anomaly whereby "fast" means both "firmly fixed" and "moving rapidly," or the puzzling fact that the negative prefix *un* has a positive force in such words as "unloose" and "unravel," or the bewildering way many Italian words have of not living up to their derivation (why, for example, should "scontraffare" not mean the opposite of "contraffare" if "sconparire" means the opposite of "comparire"?)—without adducing a multitude of similar instances, we will bring this little philological disquisition to a close with a brief reference to an account, in the Manchester "Guardian," of the wager between two disputants as to the meaning of "lurid," one making it mean "deep red," and the other "pale." All the dictionaries accessible to the parties to this dispute gave the meaning "pale, wan, ghastly pale," but the "Guardian" has discovered that "the latest and greatest English dictionary" supports popular usage and gives the definition, "shining with a red glow or glare amid darkness (said of lightning flashes across dark clouds or flame mingled with smoke)," and fortifies its position with a quotation from Wordsworth. Nevertheless, the Latin *luridus* has commonly been taken to mean "pale yellow, wan, ghastly"; but may

it not be that the ancient Romans, like the Greeks, were deficient in the color-sense, and that hence has arisen the vagueness and self-contradiction in the modern interpretation of *lurid*? . . .

NEW AIDS TO LIBRARY-USERS are constantly being devised by our alert and inventive librarians and their assistants. In the latest report of the Pratt Institute Free Library occurs mention of a recently adopted plan for furnishing illustrations to technical literature. The illustration takes the form of the actual machine or other object described in the textbook. For example, a model marine engine has for some time been on exhibition at the library; and now there has been secured from an automobile company "a complete 30 H. P. four-cylinder gasoline engine with parts cut open to show the action"—a loan likely to benefit all parties concerned in the transaction. Another somewhat novel feature at the same institution bears the name of the "Dinner-pail Library," a designation sufficiently self-explanatory to call for little further elucidation here. The collection seems to have grown from an original nucleus of a practical library for Dr. Grenfell's Labrador mission, and now has its special card-catalogue and is in other ways brought to the attention of mechanics and others likely to desire its privileges. Such developments as these on the popular and "practical" side of library service would not attract all who may chance to read this paragraph; nevertheless they help to round out the generous activities of the modern as distinguished from the grudgingly accommodating old-time library. . . .

AN ACHIEVEMENT IN EDITORSHIP AND BIBLIOGRAPHY of which even the most industrious of German scholars might be proud is to be placed to the credit of Dr. Edward Arber, whose death by accident a few weeks ago makes English scholarship the poorer by one of its most learned and productive representatives. Edward Arber was born in London, December 4, 1836; served as clerk in the Admiralty from 1854 to 1878; held a lectureship on English at University College under Professor Henry Morley from 1878 to 1881; and from 1881 to 1894 was professor of English at Mason College, Birmingham. Since 1894 he has lived in London as emeritus professor, being also a fellow of King's College, London. He has also been English examiner at London University and at Victoria University, Manchester. But his chief service to the world of letters lies in his series of "English Reprints" (1868-80), whereby he has enabled the general public to gain easy access to an accurate text of early English authors that were formerly accessible only in rare and expensive editions; his "English Scholar's Library," in sixteen volumes; his "English Garner," in eight volumes; "British Anthologies" in ten volumes; and a series begun five years ago and entitled "A Christian Library." He also, unaided, edited two monumental English bibliographies, "A Transcript of the

Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1553-1640," and "The Term Catalogues, 1668-1709, with a Number for Easter Term, 1711," edited from the quarterly booksellers' lists. In all these, and in other productions not mentioned here, Dr. Arber showed in full measure that peculiar variety of the scholar's taste and that dogged perseverance to which our reference libraries owe not merely a debt too vast for measurement, but, as one might say, their very existence. . . .

CHAOS IN CARD CATALOGUES is in more than one public library taking the place of a former cosmos, now that the cards approved by the A. L. A. and issued by the Library of Congress are making their way into drawers already partly filled with cards of a different pattern. Usually the old cards are narrower, so that if the old drawers can hold the new cards at all, the invaders project awkwardly above the aboriginal inhabitants, thus making the manipulation of the cards (already a process provocative of impolite language) more patience-trying than ever. Some libraries, especially the newer ones, adopt the obvious remedy of gradually replacing all the old cards with new ones of standard size. Others are content, or at any rate are compelled, to leave the two sets of cards jostling each other in unsightly disorder. Still others, with even a million or more of old cards to re-write or re-print, will heroically and at great expense struggle into line with the latest standards. Attention is just now called to this troublesome question by the changes and improvements in prospect for Harvard's fine library. In its new two-million-dollar building, and modernly equipped in every other way, the library will be forced to substitute for its old-fashioned card catalogue one more in harmony with the latest official sanction in such matters; and the replacing of a million and a half catalogue cards is no small task. . . .

COQUETTING WITH THE CLASSICS, rather than earnest and continuous study, is undoubtedly somewhat encouraged by the issue of so attractive a series of "cribs" as is offered at a moderate price by the publishers of the recently inaugurated "Loeb Classical Library." But many a piece of coquetry has ended in happy marriage; and so there are likely to be some who, dipping into the Loeb volumes as an easy way of brushing up their Greek and Latin, will be caught by the charm of the ancient text and gradually wooed to a complete disregard of the modern rendering on the opposite page. Relatively small though this number may be—for Sophocles and Lucretius are not the easiest of reading even after years of classical study—its growth might have been further encouraged by the use of a larger and clearer type for the Greek and Latin texts. Even the English is none too handsomely treated in this respect, but the greater familiarity with one's native tongue makes easily legible a size of type that would try the eye in reading a foreign language. Unwieldiness is of course to be avoided in the vol-

umes now issuing under such happy auspices; nevertheless a little more regard for the comfort of those readers (no longer in the first flush of youth) to whom the Loeb Library especially appeals, may not be out of the question in future volumes, and thus the bespectacled reader may be induced to do something more than coquet with the Greek or Latin that faces the English translation.

PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE ALCOTTS and their Concord home, the famous Orchard House, now preserved as a memorial of the family, or more especially of the gifted Louisa and her eccentric father (equally gifted in his peculiar way), is attested by the number of visitors to the above-named little house under the hill on the outskirts of the village. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, in a recent "Boston Literary Letter" to the Springfield "Republican," says: "The Orchard House has been visited by more than six thousand pilgrims to this Mecca of Concord since it was opened to the public six months ago, and they have contributed nearly \$1000 to the fund for maintaining the good old house." In this connection he further remarks: "It is a pity that the letters of Mrs. Alcott to her husband and friends, which were carefully copied out by Mr. Alcott after her death, were not wrought up into her biography by Louisa, who found she had not spirit enough for a work involving so many sad memories. Some of them afterward came out in the life of Alcott, in which were first published some thirty pages of Emerson, most of which have since been included in the Journals, or will be. They are among his most characteristic writing."

THE FIRST QUARTER-CENTURY OF THE LIBRARY-SCHOOL IDEA has come to a close, and the advocate of a library-school education for librarians is no longer regarded as a crank. It was in 1887 that the New York State Library School, the parent of all subsequent institutions of the sort, had its modest beginnings in the Columbia College Library under the librarian's direction. Now, at the end of its first twenty-five years, it has, after sundry shiftings and wanderings, found a home worthy of its prestige in the new State Education Building at Albany, which has risen, not on the ruins left by the late disastrous fire in the State Capitol, but largely as a necessary consequence of that fire. A notable publication, interesting to all library workers, and to some others, marks the entrance of the school upon its second quarter-century and its installment in its new home. "The First Quarter Century of the New York State Library School" is a generously illustrated, handsomely printed pamphlet of sixty-two pages, wherein both Mr. Dewey, founder of the school, and a number of his disciples, and of those later graduates not his immediate disciples, indulge in pleasing reminiscence or in more matter-of-fact history—all to the glory of the N.Y.S.L.S. It is a most enjoyable symposium.

ONE WAY TO REDEEM THE HUMAN MIND FROM ERROR is well illustrated in the founding of the Sturge Library for the Japanese of San Francisco. This library, named in honor of Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Sturge, known for their work of more than twenty-five years among the Japanese of the Pacific coast, and of its chief city especially, had its formal opening recently in the Japanese Y. M. C. A. building, with addresses in Japanese from Consul-General Nagai and Professor Guy of the State University, and the ceremonial delivery of the key to Dr. Sturge by Pastor Miyazaki. The collection already numbers eight hundred Japanese and thirteen hundred English books, with some hundreds of unbound periodicals in both languages.

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### CHRISTIANIZING THE SOCIAL ORDER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

May I call attention to a thought suggested by B. R. Wilton's letter in your issue of December 1. He speaks of Socialism as a "great far-reaching system of social moralization and regeneration that promises to every individual a rational hope of freedom and self-realization."

All the inspiration of our race has flowed from that source of Life Eternal, Jesus Christ. Countless men, at countless times, have drunk deep of His Spirit and have been given new life and courage to press on towards attainment, some using Art, others the Church, and many whatever instrument was at hand, to make their fellow-men bow down at the foot of the Cross; even the Agnostics, cast out by the Church, jeered at by the orthodox, have builded, some of them perhaps unconsciously, their share of the structure at which humanity must ever toil,—the human heart. Perhaps the task had been easier if only the Peter in each one of us were not so ready to draw the sword, as did the Peter of old in the Garden; the way is strewn with countless ears.

Christ made no resistance when they came to arrest Him, nor did He seek to defend Himself against the hatred of the mob that jeered and mocked Him in the ensuing hours. Instead He shouldered the Cross without a murmur, and as His overflowing heart of love was released from the constraining bonds of the flesh He prayed that those who killed Him be forgiven!

Then followed black days for the disciples, days of sorrow for the band of friends He left behind. Space will not permit me to follow the birth and growth of the early Church, nor to call attention to the psychological tendencies which already were at work; but it must be noted that many of those who were in the lead, notably St. Paul, saw visions or were met by angels on the road, who gave them messages. And it was soon felt that organization, laws, and creeds (the very things which crucified Him) were necessary in order to save the message of Christ to the world; so it began to be that a man had to join the Church, conform to its ceremonials and support its sacraments, in order to reach Christ. Then came days of power and wealth, with "Christian" wars and "Christian" controversy, the very things which He had said must come, although He warned against them and never advocated them. Do we not at this point recall the disciples disputing as to which was

greatest, and the demands made at the trial that He show them His earthly Kingdom if He was King. This was the era of the Canonization of Love, and it has nearly passed.

But now comes Socialism, with its systems of moralization and regeneration, and its promises of self-realization. Is not this but a "legislating" of that same Love which we all feel but have with so little success Canonized. Is the hope of humanity in any system of scientifically framed rules? I cannot think so, nor do I think that under any system of rules will humanity ever find freedom and self-realization, although it may ever so vainly hope to. But I stand ready to let it try, and know that when its earthly kingdom totters, it will be better able to listen to the One who said "Come unto me all ye weary, and I will give you rest."

We were warned that "false Christs and false prophets shall rise, and shall shew signs and wonders to seduce," and we were told to take heed. How, then, am I to measure this man or that, whether he be a false prophet? Was St. Paul, was Mohamed, was Brigham Young, was Mrs. Eddy? They all claim to have been instructed by an angel, and to speak with a voice of authority, as do the Catholic and Protestant Churches. They have their followers, and have each done his work, to be judged by others than we. I plead that those who have lost hope will forsake all other prophets, all other teachers, and will first open their hearts to the message which Jesus Christ laid down His life to give to the world, the heritage of every man and woman regardless of race or position in society (or the gutter), which rests on His life and His words and not on any system of education, ethical creed, or political party, although these may have been devised by sincere men, to advance His cause, or make it more easy and pleasant to follow Him. Then will we uncover the source of all our proudest hopes and aspirations, then will we have new inspiration, and then know that never again can humanity completely lose hope, for we can ever help it to find new life.

JAMES MCALPIN PYLE.

New York, Dec. 20, 1912.

#### ROBINSON CRUSOE AND TOBAGO.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Very prominent misstatements in two recent books, relative to Robinson Crusoe's connection with the island of Tobago, seem to warrant a restatement of the facts.

Alexander Selkirk was a Scotch sailor who was put ashore, at his own request, after a quarrel with his captain, on one of the islands of the Juan Fernandez group, in September, 1704. After four years and four months he was rescued. He afterwards became an officer in the British navy. He was not shipwrecked. Accounts of his experiences were published, notably that by Steele. There is also evidence that he placed his personal account in the hands of Defoe. Robinson Crusoe's Island, as it is now called, in the Juan Fernandez group, is well known. Visitors there may to-day see his lookout and the cave, and members of the British navy have there erected a memorial to Alexander Selkirk. Selkirk's experiences were the undoubtedly basis for Defoe's immortal work.

It is customary when basing works of fiction upon real events to change the names and the circumstances. Defoe determined to have his hero shipwrecked, which was not the case with Selkirk. He further wanted him to come gradually into contact with other members of the human race. The Juan Fernandez islands are far

away from much travelled water routes. There were no natives there. There was no probability that he might be visited by cannibals. For these reasons Defoe arbitrarily made his hero set sail from the coast of Brazil, and by a hurricane he was driven onto an island near the mouth of the Oronoco. This was a region much travelled, and the Caribs had a reputation as savages and cannibals. Tobago answers very well for the conditions as portrayed by Defoe, and that island is therefore generally agreed upon as the tropical island which Defoe had in mind in writing his fiction.

Mr. Stephen Bonsal, in his new book on "The American Mediterranean," speaks of Tobago as "Robinson Crusoe's real home." In the fiction, this island was not the home of the hero, but the scene of his shipwreck. The expression "real home" is therefore misleading. Mr. Lindon Bates, Jr., in his "Path of the Conquistadores," is still further from the truth. The first sentence of his second chapter says: "The green slopes of Tobago, where the shipwreck of the real Alexander Selkirk inspired the 'Robinson Crusoe' of Defoe, have been left behind in the dark mists of the Caribbean." As we have stated, Selkirk was not shipwrecked, and we have no evidence that he was ever on the island.

A more correct statement is found in Mr. W. A. Aspinwall's "The British West Indies," also recently issued: "Though the story of that book is based on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who was marooned on the island of Juan Fernandez, it is a generally accepted fact that Tobago was the island which Defoe had in his mind when he wrote his graphic descriptions of that tropical island on which poor Crusoe was wrecked."

HENRY B. HEMENWAY.

Evanston, Ill., Dec. 24, 1912.

#### THE AUTHOR OF "CANZONI."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I pause on a somewhat remarkable statement in your issue for Dec. 16, 1912. The statement occurs in the opening article, wherein it is said that the prizes in the "Lyric Year" competition went "to three men whose names are absolutely unknown to the general reading public." Two-thirds of this assertion I do not question, but I ask its reconsideration in the case of Mr. T. A. Daly. In view of the fact that Mr. Daly has been a prominent journalist for twenty years or more, that he is the most widely copied "newspaper poet" in the United States, that he is the author of three volumes of verse,—the first, "Canzoni," in its seventh or eighth thousand; the second, "Carmina," of which Mr. Jewett, late American manager of the John Lane Co., said he sold more copies than of any other poet, with the single exception of Francis Thompson; the third, "Madrigali," just off the press and widely-sought gift book on the Christmas market,—it seems impossible to say that this author is "absolutely unknown to the general reading public." I do not speak of the newspaper men among whom, at least from New York to Chicago—as witness Mr. Franklin P. Adams's account of the American Press Humorists' convention at Detroit this year, in a summer issue of "The Editor and Publisher"—"Tom" Daly's is a name to conjure by. A final indication that Mr. Daly is not an absolute obscurity is that he has been made the subject of an article in "The American Magazine," in the department, "Interesting People."

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

Notre Dame, Ind., Dec. 21, 1912.

### The New Books.

#### A GALAHAD OF ART.\*

"One day Gabriel took me out in a cab—it was a day he was rich, so we went in a hansom, and we drove and drove until I thought we should arrive at the setting sun—and he said, 'You must know these people, Ned; you will see a painter there—paints a queer sort of pictures, about God and Creation.'" So runs a note written in the late fifties by Edward Burne-Jones. The painter of the "queer sort of pictures, about God and Creation," to whom Rossetti was carrying the young man, was George Frederic Watts. And the end of that cab-ride through the west of London was the beginning of an affectionate intimacy between the two masters whose work forms the most precious heritage of later British art,—an intimacy that ceased only with the death of the younger, forty years later. The two were singularly alike in character and aspirations. "I have no politics," said Burne-Jones, "and no party, and no particular hope: only this is true, that beauty is very beautiful, and softens, and comforts, and inspires, and rouses, and lifts up, and never fails." Watts, as well, might have written these same words.

It is not many years since Lady Burne-Jones published the widely-read "Memorials" of her husband; and now, with equal fidelity and equal charm, Mrs. Watts has performed a like service for her hero and for us. Her "Annals of an Artist's Life," in two stately volumes, are accompanied by a third containing Watts's writings, published and unpublished. The text is supplemented by thirty-nine finely-executed photogravure plates—portraits of Watts, photographs of his homes, reproductions of his work, etc. It would be a great pity if the third volume were not later reprinted in separate and cheaper form, that its sane and eloquent counsel might have the widest possible circulation. Although disclaiming even the most ordinary aptitude for literary expression, Watts yet wrote with a simple nervous force that some of the giants of literature might well have envied. The jargon and dogmas of the schools, the technical small-talk of the studio, were alike distasteful to him; in his writing, as in his art-work, he concerned himself only with the fundamental

verities of art and life, dealing always with the two in relation to one great purpose—the progress of humanity.

Mrs. Watts did not come into the artist's life until that life had been more than two-thirds lived. Thus she has had to construct her record for the sixty-nine years previous to his second marriage from his own and others' recollections. Her first volume, covering this period, is consequently far less interesting than the second. The authentic man scarcely begins to emerge from her pages until the point where she began to see him in the intimacies of every-day association. But throughout she has acquitted herself well, in what we can readily believe was a task of much difficulty and delicacy. We can point to no graver faults than a haziness of chronology, and an indefiniteness in the use of pronouns. It may seem to some readers that the tone of unvarying praise is maintained at too high a pitch. But to his wife, as to all who knew him well, Watts was "a spirit without spot"; and if there are no lower lights in these pages it is only because there were none in that life of radiant spirituality which they record.

Watts's history is in the main a long and outwardly uneventful chronicle of laborious days. Whole-hearted devotion to work was the law of his being, and to that law all other considerations and interests were made to conform. His boyhood was devoid of advantages or happiness. He had little schooling, save what he obtained for himself from Homer and Phidias. But a habit of settled perseverance in cultivating natural talents made his progress rapid. In his early twenties he carried off first honors in an important competition, and with the proceeds was enabled to go to Italy. Here he spent four fruitful and happy years,—mainly in Florence, where he was admitted at once to that intellectual Olympus of which Lord and Lady Holland were the regnant deities. Later, both before and after marriage, he made an occasional journey abroad—to Greece, to Egypt, and again to Italy. But for the most part his life was that of his studio, either in London or in Surrey, where he painted or chiselled almost unremittingly from dawn until the failing of the afternoon light. Those who sought him out, as did all the choicest spirits of his time, found him prodigal of hospitality; yet he rarely appeared in society or in public. In this self-seclusion there was no slightest trace of cloistered indifference to the ordinary concerns of mankind,—few men, indeed, have been more fully in touch with the spirit of their time. It was simply the necessary habit of a great worker

\* GEORGE FREDERIC WATTS. Volumes I. and II., *The Annals of an Artist's Life*, by M. S. Watts; Volume III., *His Writings*. With numerous illustrations in photogravure. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

sternly aware, on the one hand, of life's brevity, and, on the other, of the immensity and high seriousness of his task. To him the petty pulling and hauling of conventional "social duties" were a self-sacrilege to which he would not and could not submit. Nothing chafed him more than the time, so sorrowfully great in the aggregate, which he was forced to waste "in being sick and getting well." Until within a few weeks of his death, at the age of eighty-seven, his working hours were those of the birds and flowers.

"He was always so glad when the day of work began, and the duty of a night's rest had been got over. I often wondered at the quiet joy that seemed then to come to him; but as the old Egyptian poet said, 'That transporteth man to God even the love of the work that he accomplisheth.' 'A new day,' Signor said one early morning, 'let us begin our chant of praise for it and see how well we can praise.' On one cold December morning at five o'clock he awoke to say, 'Oh, I am so glad the night is passed.' 'Why?' I asked, seeing that he had slept like a child. 'Because I want to get to my work,' he answered, and then, if ever, I understood the life and hope there is in all creative work. Nearing eighty, frail and delicate as he was, neither creature comforts nor even necessary rest were grateful to him when compared with this work, that in its nature partook of the creative and of the eternal."

"Signor," it should be mentioned parenthetically, was the name by which Watts was always known to his intimates. He disliked the harsh and unpoetic sound of his own surname, and it was rarely used in his hearing.

It is remarkable that one so often considered chiefly or solely in the capacity of portrait-painter should have found this work repugnant and considered that his forte lay elsewhere. In refusing a portrait commission, Watts once wrote to Mrs. Cameron:

"Nature did not intend me for a portrait-painter, and if I have painted portraits decently it is because I have tried so very hard, but it has ever cost me more labour to paint a portrait than to paint a subject-picture. I have given it up in sheer weariness; now come what may, my time must in future be devoted to the endeavour to carry out some of my large designs, and if I fail either to make a living or to do anything worthy of an artist (as I understand the term), I fail, but I submit to the drudgery of portrait-painting no longer."

Happily, this resolve was not kept; and though the subject-pictures were ever foremost in his thoughts, he yet came to consider portraiture as a not uncongenial interlude between his higher tasks.

Passionate devotion to his work and to the truth, humility and simplicity and generosity of spirit,—these are the dominant characteristics of the man, as revealed in Mrs. Watts's record. With whatever persistence he toiled,

the largeness and splendor of his vision so outdistanced his achievement as always to leave him dissatisfied. "I wonder how it is that I cannot do what I want," he would say sadly, looking about his gallery at those marvellous portraits. Praise was distasteful and even painful to him. "I have no more wish to be praised for my work than a bricklayer who builds a wall expects praise for his brick-laying. If the wall answers a good purpose that is enough; of course it should be built as well as possible—so much a matter of course that praise should not be called for." But some lowly word of gratitude for courage and consolation derived from his pictures always touched him deeply. "The whole reward of my life lies just in those few sentences," he said of one such message. Determined that the magnificent series of "ethical reflections," as he called the subject-pictures which formed his principal life-work, should go as a heritage to the nation, he refused time after time the most extravagant offers from private sources; though he was never wealthy, or even what might be considered well-to-do. Yet the free and willing service of his brush could invariably be counted upon in any high disinterested cause. Twice he was offered a baronetcy, and twice he refused, feeling that to one of his ascetic ways the title was an incongruity. "So you won't let them make you Sir George," remarked one of his friends. "Well, never mind, you will be Saint George, anyway." And Saint George he will be, so long as nobility of character finds praise in the world.

While the figure of her artist-husband is always to the fore in Mrs. Watts's pages, his great contemporaries pass in shining procession across the background. Tennyson is the one we see most of, but Ruskin, Carlyle, Meredith, Gladstone, Burne-Jones, Leighton, Rossetti, and a host of others show forth here and there in casual glimpses. Though he had always withheld from painting Ruskin's portrait through fear of not being able to do justice to his subject, Watts's regard and respect for the Master were unbounded. "How earnestly he pleads for all that would develop the best in humanity," he said one day to his wife. "In another generation he will be placed as the greatest thinker of the age." Early in life Watts had once, in a mood of depression, put the word "*Finis*" in the corner of one of his pictures. "But the challenge to despair was given by Mr. Ruskin, who, on reading the word, took up the charcoal and added beneath, '*et initium*.' If the end, then a beginning; and so it proved to be." It

is interesting to note the painter's dictum that of all his sitters our own Motley was by far the finest talker. Carlyle's inveterate contempt for art crops out amusingly in his opinion of the Elgin marbles—"There is not a clever man amongst them all, and I would away with them, away with them—into space." Here is a glimpse of "Signor" himself, as well as of others, as they appeared to a visitor (Lady Constance Leslie) at Little Holland House in the earlier days:

"It was in 1856, when we were first engaged to be married, that John took me to what was to me a new world—something I had never imagined before of beauty and kindness. I was a very ignorant little girl, and oh how proud I felt, though rather unworthy of what seemed holy ground. The Signor came out of his studio all spirit and so delicate, and received me very kindly as John's future wife. Thackeray was there with his young daughters, Coutts Lindsay, Jacob Omnim, and Lady Somers glorious and benevolent. Signor was the whole object of adoration and care in that house. He seemed to sanctify Little Holland House. I also remember well the Sunday, June 13, 1858, when we were dining with the Prinseps, Alfred Tennyson, Rossetti, Tom Taylor, Adelaide Sartoris, Edward Burne-Jones, Coutts Lindsay, and Richard Doyle. Adelaide Sartoris sang his own poems to Tennyson. In later years arose the vision of beauty, dear May Prinsep, and I remember seeing Val carry young Philip Burne-Jones upstairs—such a contrast! Val as St. Christopher!"

And, for a final quotation, we select this characteristic anecdote of Tennyson, not long before his death, when poet and painter come together for the last time :

"We were at Farringford by eleven. Lady Tennyson greeted us as of old—even more tenderly—with eyes brimming with gratitude, and after a few minutes the poet joined us. There was talk of everything but painting, and later we all, save the dear lady on her sofa, walked back to the Briary through the sweet old-fashioned garden, gay with spring flowers. Signor and Lord Tennyson walked in front, falling naturally into their old habits, recalling old days and stories that made them laugh. But the poet had had a letter from a stranger which had touched him where he was made vulnerable because made poet; and he complained bitterly of the intrusive writer, working himself up so much that in the end he exclaimed in answer to Signor's remark that 'such intrusions were but the cost of fame'—'I wish I had never written a line in my life.' Whereupon Signor took up his parable and remonstrated, 'Ah, now you would not have made your Arthur speak like that!' And the great man instantly turned penitent, and putting out his hand, said, 'Well, there, look at my hand; it is the gout!'"

Facing the beginning of each chapter throughout these volumes is a quotation, in all but two instances selected from Watts's own writings. One of the exceptions is this from Bacon: "Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."

Such a mind, surely, was that of George Frederic Watts; and it is the especial service of his wife's record that through it we come to realize that however great he may have been as an artist (and he was one of the greatest of any country and any time), he was still greater as a man. His was the Greek conception of all life as an organic whole, to the advancement and enrichment of which art was the highest instrument. The old heresy of "art for art's sake" was never more effectually refuted than by his work and his life. In his old age he wrote: "My great and ever constant desire is to identify artistic outcome with all that is good and great in every creed and utterance, and all that is inspiring in every record of heroism, of suffering, of effort, and of achievement." It could not lie within the powers of any man to realize single-handed that splendid ambition which was his of creating a great pictorial House of Life,—a temple in which should be visualized the entire story of man's ethical progress; yet he did at least succeed in raising a noble portico to such a temple, within whose shelter mankind will ever find much of its noblest inspiration and comfort.

WALDO R. BROWNE.

#### TWO NEW ANTHOLOGIES.\*

Like the writing of history, the making of an anthology is a thing of chance and peril. It is a matter about which many people are almost vitally interested. We have been told that families were broken up over the dispute whether Gray or Collins was the greater poet, and there is no doubt that the question of the supremacy of Goethe or Schiller has occasioned duels. The man who sets up as the arbiter of such matters makes himself a conspicuous mark for criticism. We may pity him as a martyr, but our hands instinctively proceed to pelt.

It is a mark of a change in the temper of the times that the Universities have begun to patronize poetry. Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of English Verse" is succeeded by Mr. Lounsbury's "Yale Book of American Verse." Mr. Lounsbury has so many claims to distinction in other fields that reputation as the mere gatherer of a garland can mean little to him.

\* The law of making a satisfactory anthology

\* YALE BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE. Edited by Thomas R. Lounsbury. New Haven: Yale University Press.

THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE, American and English, 1580-1912. With an Appendix Containing a Few Well-Known Poems in Other Languages. Selected and arranged by Burton Egbert Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

is this: to give nothing but the best, to give all the best, and not to be swayed by historic estimate. Modified a little by his wish to arrange his flowers effectively, that is the law which Palgrave followed in his "Golden Treasury." It can hardly be said that Mr. Lounsbury has been so guided. He seems a little afraid of the reputations with which he is dealing, or else indisposed to let any two or three poets dominate. As far as the eight or ten best-known American poets are concerned, Mr. Lounsbury has given them about an even chance, — given them equal compartments in his book.

Our first protest must be in regard to the treatment of Emerson. There are hardly more than a scant half-dozen of Emerson's poems which have the completeness and concreteness, the movement and the atmosphere, of a genuine lyric. Two of the best of these, "Uriel" and "The Romany Girl," Mr. Lounsbury omits. "Brahma," "The Concord Hymn," "Days," and "Rhodora" are admitted. The rest of Emerson's poetry consists of bundles of gnomic sentences or almost unrelated gatherings of nature pictures. But many of these sentences are such as the Arabs would have written in gold on the walls of their mosques; and many of the pictures have a grace and magic unmatched in our literature. The coldness of English critical opinion as to Emerson's poetry, as distinguished from his poems, is remarkable. From Matthew Arnold down to Churton Collins there seems to be but one opinion. Yet Arnold's saying that Longfellow's "Bridge" or Whittier's "School Days" is of more poetic value than the whole of Emerson's verse is one of his most extraordinary lapses of judgment. As well say that a symmetrical block of quartz is of more value than a spadeful of blue earth in which are embedded a hundred diamonds. Surely we cannot be wrong in America in recognizing the exultant and triumphant ring of so many of Emerson's lines and passages, the purity and perfection of so many of his pictures. For the glory of our poetry what is needed to do in an American anthology is to throw aside for the nonce any strict definition of lyric verse and to give these treasures, either in their shapeless mould or broken from the matrix. We need "Each and All," "Destiny," "Woodnotes," "Ode to Beauty," "Give All to Love," "Merlin," "Bacchus," "Fate," "Boston Hymn," "Voluntaries," "The Titmouse," "Terminus," and probably a good deal more. Mr. Lounsbury gives none of this. He does give "The Humble-Bee"! "I don't like 'The Humble-

Bee,'" said FitzGerald, and we think he was right. He also gives "The Fable," which is pretty trivial, and "To Eva," which is absolutely bad. With the exception of Bryant in "O Fairest of the Rural Maids," the older New England poets never succeeded in pieces of love, admiration, or gallantry, and Emerson is the coldest of them all.

Bryant is the second or third in rank of American poets, and for Mr. Lounsbury's treatment of him we have nothing but praise. It is admirable, adequate, very nearly all-embracing. We might plead for the admission of a few more pieces, so that he should not be overtopped in number or quantity by Holmes and Whittier, but 't is very well as it is.

Not so in regard to Poe. It is the bounden duty of an American anthologist to put his best foot foremost. To change the phrase, Poe is the best card he has to play. No contemporary in England or America quite matches him in emotional thrill, the secret of haunting cadence, verbal perfection, and newness of note. Of such things as these is lyric poetry made. We have pleaded for Emerson because of his nobility of thought and vividness of phrase. But in a lyric anthology the sermon must give place to the song. The eight pieces of Poe which Mr. Lounsbury gives are well enough selected, if we are to have no more. But we ought to have more, and the best critical opinion justifies the demand. Mr. Stedman apparently considered "Israfel" Poe's finest piece. Mr. Quiller-Couch includes in his "Oxford Book of Verse" the poems, "To Helen," "Annabel Lee," and "For Annie." Mr. Dawson and some of the younger English critics set up "The City of the Sea" as Poe's supreme poem. The early "Lenore" and "Bridal Ballad" are unsurpassed in melody and shot through with emotion. The lines "To Helen" perhaps taught Tennyson the secret of lyric blank verse. All these should be given, not for Poe's sake, but for the benefit of the anthology.

We must question Mr. Lounsbury's award of fame, his roll call of titles, in the case of one more poet, and then we are done with cavilling. Aldrich is perhaps the surest classic of the more recent names. Mr. Lounsbury at most ignores the profounder side of his genius—evidenced in the highly imaginative "Identity," and the pathetically thrilling "Prescience." He does not give the finely phrased "Memory," which Whittier insisted on Aldrich repeating to him again and again; nor the two sonnets, "Sleep" and "Enamour'd Architect of Airy Rhyme."

"Forever and a Day" has an exquisite lyric movement, and "Thalia" is perhaps Aldrich's masterpiece of gaiety; yet neither is included.

One considerable poet is entirely ignored. Bayard Taylor's "Arab Song" is the fieriest love poem in American literature. And his "Song of the Camp" has a charm and naturalness which have made it a general favorite. One suspects a slight preference in Mr. Lounsbury's mind for popular over classic verse. This comes out in the very full measure he has given to Whittier, Longfellow, and Holmes. It is equally evident in the preservation of many fugitive poems which have had a vogue in our country. Among these are Butler's "Nothing to Wear," Lucy Larcom's "Hannah Binding Shoes," Lytle's "Antony and Cleopatra," Nora Perry's "After the Ball," and Emma Willard's "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." The collection is particularly rich in war poems. Nearly all of the best martial verse written in America is enshrined here, including Halpine's "The Thousand and Thirty-Seven," Hoffman's "Monterey," Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," McMaster's "Carmen Bellicosum," O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead," Palmer's "San Jacinto" and "Stonewall Jackson's Way," Randall's "My Maryland," Read's "Sheridan's Ride," Shanly's "Fancy Shot," and the anonymous "Home Wounded." We miss Timrod's "Little Giffen" and Stedman's "Ossawatomie Brown." As poetry can hardly do anything better than record and inspire heroism, so a national anthology can serve no better purpose than in enshrining such poems of valor and devotion. Mr. Lounsbury is to be thanked for giving so many of them.

He is to be thanked too, we think, for his decision to include humorous verse. There is, of course, a certain lowering of tone consequent on such inclusion, and the English anthologists have as a rule avoided it. Except in the work of Burns, humorous poetry rarely rises to the heights, and the very idea of an anthology of poetry is to keep in the region of the heights. But humorous verse is a strong feature of our literature. In what might be called team work, Holmes, Lowell, Aldrich, Bret Harte, and John Hay certainly outdo and outplay Hood, Praed, Tennyson, and Calverley.

And that brings us to the final question,—what is the value of American lyric poetry in comparison with the work of contemporary English authors? In mass of good work and in the handling of large conceptions, the Victorian poets unquestionably surpass their American

rivals. Not so in quality, in freshness of note, or in delicacy and perfection of handling. The Victorian age in poetry is itself secondary and immensely inferior to the Georgian epoch. Between two ideal anthologies, English and American, of the fifty years from 1830 on, we believe that the weight of merit would tremble in the balance. Mr. Lounsbury's collection is not an ideal one, but it approximates to what could be wished.

To turn from this volume to Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse" is like turning from a slender tributary into the main stream—into a veritable Amazon of poetry. Here is the lyric work of eleven generations of the English-speaking race. Thoughts, passions, deeds of uncounted myriads which have found embodiment in words of winged song are crowded between the covers of one book. Such a volume has long been desired. All previous single-volume anthologies have necessarily irritated by lack of completeness. They give us a gleaning, and not a full harvest. In this book, however, there is "God's plenty"—the abundance of the earth and of the sea.

The volume itself is one of the most compact and admirable ever issued from the American press. Printed on India paper, the text in clear type, it contains with introduction and indices nearly four thousand pages. One is tempted to quote after Macaulay the fable of the Peri Banou's tent. It opens up a vista of what may happen if this thin paper comes into general use: how libraries will shrink; how we may almost be able to carry the literature of the world in one trunk.

Of course the number of pages in the book is of less importance than what the compiler has done with them. The first question that comes up is his method of arrangement. Most previous anthologies follow the plain and simple method of introducing the authors chronologically, each one shepherding his separate flock of poems. This plan not only gives no scope for the compiler's artistic feeling, but it is annoying to the reader as well. The continued change in theme and style compels sudden alterations in the focus of the mind's eye. The original Greek Anthology made some attempt at groupings by kinds and subjects; but we fancy that it was Wordsworth's arrangement of his works into Poems of the Affections, Poems of Fancy, Poems of Imagination, and so forth, which gave the idea of a new method. Bryant and Coates, in "The Household Book of Poetry," followed this

system, and Palgrave used it in an infinitely more subtle and effective way. Mr. Stevenson's groupings are still more elaborate, and his headings and titular poems evince a high order of taste and poetic instinct. He begins with "Poems of Youth and Age," to which he prefixes Keats's sonnet "The Human Seasons." The sub-titles of this section are "The Baby," "In the Nursery," "The Road to Slumberland," "The Duty of Children," "Rhymes of Childhood," "The Glad Evangel," "Fairyland," "The Children," "Maidenhood," "The Man," "The Woman," "Stepping Westward," and "Looking Backward." We cannot follow him through the divisions of the other sections,—the "Poems of Love," "Poems of Nature," "Familiar Verse," "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," and "Poems of Sorrow, Death and Immortality." Enough to say that he has put a great deal of thought into the ordering of his selections, and has shown a nice sense of values in the juxtaposition of them.

A burning question in regard to such a collection is the admission of living poets. Mr. Lounsbury put his foot down firmly. "Nobody shall enter here but the dead," he says, and this has been the general rule. That it is a correct one, can hardly be questioned. The living poets are unplaced—they have no right to take their seats with the immortals. But popularity is the note of Mr. Stevenson's book: popularity is indeed necessary to support so expensive an undertaking. Novelty is a great spur to popularity, and if the compiler is willing to risk his critical reputation in crowning or rejecting his contemporaries, we do not know that it much matters. That he has diluted his wine with a good deal of water we certainly do not doubt. Pip's friend in "Great Expectations" expatiated to him on the advantages of "having a margin." Mr. Stevenson has been rather extravagant in the security which his margin of India paper gave him, and he has had to curtail sometimes to his cost. After all, the great things are mostly here. We get the central glowing core of English song, and if this is surrounded by a nebulous envelope—why, this last may some time condense into planets.

A certain lack of proportion is a more serious fault of the book. William Collins is given three selections, and Thomas Haynes Bayly seven. Allowing for all possible divergencies of taste, there is not that difference. Thomas Gray, also, is somewhat scanted in his sizings. He has five poems, while Mr. Austin Dobson has thirty-one. James Russell Lowell has four-

teen poems, and Elizabeth Akers Allen has eleven. James Clarence Mangan has only one poem to his credit, and Mr. Yeats is not any too well represented by eight. We do not believe that the latter, however, would endorse this comparative award. Chatterton gets one ticket to immortality, while Hartley Coleridge has eight—a judgment which would make the elder Coleridge's hair stand up on his head. Eleven of Milton's poems and sonnets are quoted, and sixteen of Proctor's songs. Scott has seventeen pieces, and Thomas Moore thirty-three. We might go on to a considerable extent in exhibiting these incongruities, but it is not worth while. They tend, we think, to show that Mr. Stevenson draws rather towards the light and trivial than to the grave and weighty things of poetry,—which is probably all the better for the popularity of his book.

Coming down to more specific inclusions or exclusions, Mr. Stevenson seems to be somewhat prejudiced against the ode as a form of poetry. Dryden's "Anne Killebrew," Gray's "Bard," Collins's "Ode to Liberty," "On the Poetical Character," and the great "Highland Ode," Coleridge's "France," "The Departing Year," and "Ode in Dejection," Byron's "Ode to Venice" and "Napoleon," Tennyson's "Death of the Duke of Wellington," and Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" are all omitted. That an American anthologist should fail to give the last seems almost incredible.

Ballads fare better. Mr. Quiller-Couch's Oxford Book was overweighted with old English ballads. Mr. Stevenson gives quite as many of these, which his "margin" allows him to carry. He also gives a considerable number of modern ballads. Scott's "Cadyow Castle" and "Caradoc" are missing, however, and Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "Rhyme of the Duchess May," and "Bertha in the Lane." Some of us are disposed to think these the most valuable part of her work. Rossetti's powerful ballad-poems are also omitted.

Running over the greater poets of the book, we should quarrel with Shakespeare's representation, especially in the sonnets. Fifteen are given, and two or three times that number would not have been too many, even if some of the other sonnet-sequences, old or new, had to be cut short. Only three of Milton's pieces of this kind are here. The two men are the supreme masters of the two opposed sonnet forms. They sounded all the notes of those instruments, and they are entitled to be heard in full. Burns may fairly claim to be the greatest lyrist of our

language. He is the only one whose lyrical poetry raises him to the rank of a great creative artist. But of course the poems in which he displays this power, "The Jolly Beggars," "The Holy Fair," "Holy Willie's Prayer," and pieces of that kind, are unsuited to a compilation of home verse. A whole side of Burns's genius is therefore unrepresented by Mr. Stevenson, or represented only by "Tam O'Shanter." Of all the poets in the book, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats show forth most adequately. The selections from each one may fairly be accounted perfect. This is hardly the case with Tennyson, though fifty of his pieces are quoted. But the philosophical turn of his mind is practically ignored. Nothing of the earlier pieces of thought, "The Two Voices," "Palace of Art," "Vision of Sin," is given, and nothing of "In Memoriam." As the great skeptical poem of the age, Fitzgerald's "Omar," is quoted in full, though only a translation, the utter rejection of "In Memoriam," the poem of struggling faith, seems somewhat remarkable.

To deal with the entire mass of English lyrical poetry, satisfy the just claims of all the poets, and answer the expectation of all readers, would be a manifest impossibility. Mr. Stevenson has done better than anybody else. He has given us a body of verse such as has never before been brought together in one volume.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

#### THE AESTHETIC SIDE OF BOOK-MAKING.\*

An impatient world can never quite understand the scholar's reasons for not being in haste to give forth the knowledge he has patiently accumulated. No other man perceives the limitations of that knowledge so clearly as he who knows more about his chosen subject than anyone else knows. And if he have true scholarly feeling, he will want to take all the time that may be necessary to perfect his information before spreading it broadcast. He realizes the importance of accuracy in the minutest details. Others may know far less than he, and lack his comprehending vision; yet happening to possess some scraps of knowledge that he has overlooked, they are apt to test his work by these minor items, and finding it wanting, to distrust his conclusions accordingly. Beyond the desire to avoid this, he will

\* *FINE BOOKS.* By Alfred W. Pollard. Illustrated. "The Connoisseur's Library." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

value accuracy for its own sake. To yield any satisfaction the work must stand the test of the most exacting and captious criticism.

It is in this spirit that Mr. Alfred W. Pollard writes about "Fine Books." The treatise that he contributes to the excellent series known as "The Connoisseur's Library" has been ten years in preparation, and, within that period, much of it has been rewritten two or three times. The result of this scrupulous care is a volume which every collector of beautiful books and every student of the history of printing and of book-illustration must find indispensable. This, of course, is what might be expected from a scholar of Mr. Pollard's reputation. Of his qualifications it is hardly necessary to speak, as they are so preëminent and so widely known. Not only is his whole life spent among the fine books in the library of the British Museum, of which he is one of the Assistant Keepers, but he is consulted by other students throughout the world, his facilities for keeping informed of every new discovery, whether of past or present achievement, are unexampled, and he is the author of a number of books about books and book-making, all of which stand deservedly high.

The aim of the present work is a survey of the whole ground from the beginning of printing and printed book-illustration down to the present day. So far as printing is concerned, this aim has been carried out; very fully in the case of books published in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; somewhat less so when dealing with seventeenth and eighteenth century books, because of the smaller number having conspicuous merit; and rather cursorily in the case of nineteenth century books. To the author's great regret, the survey of book illustration could only be brought down to about 1780. A chapter in which he intended dealing with the development of this branch of his subject during the succeeding one hundred and thirty years had to be abandoned, as the extent of the material made it impossible to describe it within the limits set for the volume, or to complete the task "during his working life."

The plan of the book is most admirable. In a preliminary chapter on "Collectors and Collecting" some general considerations are presented, and a plea is made for intelligent collecting and specialization. "The bare pleasure of collecting for the sake of collecting" is happily stigmatized as "an ignoble delight in indulging acquisitiveness; redeemed to some extent by the higher pleasure of overcoming difficulties and observing the rules of the game."

This is well said, and we may commend also the statement that "the ignorant book collector, until he has educated himself, is like a rose-fancier who cannot distinguish one odour from another." That students' and collectors' predilections for particular things should be somewhat disproportionate to their intrinsic importance he regards as quite natural. "I myself am conscious," he tells us, "that I have looked at so many fifteenth century woodcuts, as compared with other works of art, that I distinctly overrate them." And to this he adds: "Mr. Robert Proctor, who knew more about fifteenth century books than any other man has ever known, or is likely to know, once said to me in all seriousness, that he did not think he had ever seen an ugly one."

The contention that age and rarity can lend little or nothing to the attractiveness of books that are otherwise uninteresting is a point well taken. The qualities which ought to appeal to the collector are strength and beauty of form, and associations, historical, personal, or purely literary. All these furnish legitimate sources of delight to the cultivated mind. With the literary considerations that bring books within the collector's scope the author does not attempt to deal. Instead he confines his scrutiny, for the most part, to such volumes as are "prized either for their typographical beauty, their place in the history of printing, or the charm of their illustrations."

With this brief introduction Mr. Pollard proceeds to review the work of the printers who have turned out books of any distinction, and the various kinds of fine books that have been produced since movable types were invented. The classification is conveniently made by countries and towns as well as by periods. Illustration is treated in separate chapters, a method that involves some repetition but makes for greater clarity. There is a chapter about block-books, and several chapters are devoted to incunabula. This slang expression and the selection of the purely arbitrary date 1500, "used to invest all fifteenth century impressions with a mystic value," Mr. Pollard properly characterizes as "misleading nuisances." His account of the beginnings of printing is a model of what scholarly writing should be. The evidences are presented succinctly and clearly, and while indicating his views regarding them, the reader is never in doubt as to his openness of mind. Conclusions upon doubtful points are either avoided or expressed with extreme caution,—as in the case of the Coster legend, which is examined at

some length. Despite the untrustworthiness of the evidences upon which it is based, Mr. Pollard finds it "difficult to dismiss it as less than a legend which must have had some element of fact as its basis," and considers it probable that some kind of printing was practiced in Holland "not long after 1440." Strangely he omits any notice of the contracts discovered at Avignon in 1890 by the Abbé Requin, in one of which, dated July 4, 1444, a jeweller of Prague, named Procopius Waldfogel, then living in Avignon, mentions two alphabets in steel, two iron forms, one iron vise or press, forty-eight forms in pewter, and various other forms necessary for the art of "writing artificially."

Mr. Pollard's account of the development of printing is in sufficient detail to indicate clearly the various influences that gave it direction. The extraordinary quality of the printing done by Fust and Schoeffer he attributes to their determination to rival the best shop-made manuscripts. When the printed book displaced the work of the scribe, the printers no longer had the same standard for a guide, and commercial reasons soon brought about a rapid deterioration of the product of their presses. "One of the legacies which the early printers received from the scribes," as Mr. Pollard is careful to point out, "was the art of putting their text handsomely on the page, and the difference which this makes in the appearance of a book is very marked, little as many modern printers and publishers attend to it." He might, indeed, have put the case even more strongly. It is not too much to say that no book can be regarded as "fine" unless the margins are right. The proportions which the author gives for the relation between the printed text and the page upon which it appears are excellent, though he does not attempt more than a general statement, and he does not indicate the necessity that the diagonals should coincide, perhaps for the reason that they must do so if the rule that he lays down be followed.

Regarding Mr. Pollard's dictum that "one of the chief charms of the books of the fifteenth century is that they are so unlike those of our own day," opinions may well differ. No person of taste will question, however, the justice of his condemnation of the types used by Aldus, and of the mischievous effects that followed the introduction of italics by that printer. Similarly his strictures upon the defects of Estiennes's royal Greek types, and upon the evil influence exercised by Plantin, will meet with hearty approval. In regard to book-illustration the author has somewhat pronounced views. Without doubt

he is right in feeling that if a book is to be in any sense a work of art, unity of effect is an essential. This rules out all plates and illustrations of any sort except such as can be printed with the text and are so designed as to harmonize with it. But as to this it is well to remember that the primary function of books is not to delight the eye, and that illustrations of the sort Mr. Pollard approves must of necessity be decorative rather than informing. "Graingerism" comes in for unqualified contempt. When a book has been loaded with extra illustrations it truly "ceases to be a book at all and becomes a scrap-album of unharmonized pictures."

Much of the value of Mr. Pollard's text is due to his catholicity. He has not confined himself to descriptions of notably fine books, but has covered the whole field of book printing and illustration, even noticing the books printed by Stephen Daye and others at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century. In his enumeration of several broadsides printed in 1643, 1645, and 1647, and the almanacs for 1647 and 1648, as the only known "remnants of this stage of the press" he has overlooked one important item, "The Book Of General Launes And Libertyes Concerning The Inhabitants of The Massachusets," which was printed at Cambridge in 1648. A copy of this book turned up several years ago and was described at the time in the columns of "The Nation."

In one respect only does Mr. Pollard's book invite criticism: the index is not as ample as it should be.

It may be regarded as an amusing commentary upon the author's dislike of "plates" and their protecting "flimsies" that both of these features should find a place in his book. The forty excellent collotypes, however, which reproduce noteworthy examples of typography and early forms of illustration, will be appreciated by all who have occasion to consult this most excellent volume. FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

#### A PLEA FOR INDIVIDUALISM.\*

Born in 1859 in Scotland, the son of a battle-scarred survivor of the Indian Mutiny, and one of twelve brothers early forced to make their own way in the world, Mr. James O. Fagan, after a considerable experience of travel and adventure and a variety of bread-winning occupations in South America, South Africa, and the United States, will readily be believed to speak

\*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST. By James O. Fagan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

from earnest conviction when he protests, as he does in "The Autobiography of an Individualist," against that curbing of personal initiative which necessarily makes itself increasingly felt as a country grows older and its governmental machinery and code of laws and system of accepted conventions become more complex. His previous books, "Confessions of a Railroad Signal-Man" and "Labor and the Railroads," have marked him as a man not afraid to do his own thinking and to speak his mind after he has done so.

An anecdote from Mr. Fagan's school days in Manchester will illustrate his early advocacy of fair play and equal opportunity for all. In a competitive examination that was to determine the ranking of the members of his class he was dumfounded, as he tells us, to see his most feared rival deliberately "cribbing" from a half-concealed translation under his desk-cover; and as this was not only a piece of unfairness and dishonesty, but also directly opposed to the spirit animating the class as a whole, he at once rose in his place and asked the master whether it would be in order to expose a case of cheating. "Most certainly," was the reply, whereupon the culprit was named, and without a word of excuse he bluntly and frankly acknowledged his guilt. His immediate expulsion from the room was followed by the cheering of the class, which, concludes the narrator, "gave me instantly to understand that I had not been mistaken in my estimate of the class spirit." The story reads a little like "Tom Brown at Rugby," but one is glad to accept it as a real incident of school life.

Mr. Fagan wishes it understood that he is endeavoring "to write not simply the ups and downs of a somewhat adventurous career, but the plain history of a passion." Illustrative of that passion is the following passage from the account of his life in the Transvaal in the days of the first Boer war for independence:

"For reasons, then, which may or may not be apparent to my readers, I was in sympathy with those dissatisfied Boers and those heathenish Kaffirs. In my ignorance of, or dissatisfaction with Society, I suppose, I failed to appreciate the forced relationship that, practically speaking, existed and exists between profession and expediency. My mind, at the time, was honestly crammed with precepts, proverbs, texts, and old saws about liberty, the pursuit of happiness, human rights and property rights; and with these fundamentals forever buzzing in my brain, I could not, for the life of me, account for the conduct of Europeans in Africa. From my point of view, then, with Christianity as a background, the excuse for the African wars was reduced to the simple objections of the ordinary traveler, that the Kaffir, as a rule, lacked soap, and the Boer forgot to shave."

It is the latter part of the book, dealing with

the author's life in Massachusetts as a railroad man, that is of especial importance and interest. First as a telegraph operator in a railway station, then as switchman in a tower of the "interlocking" sort at West Cambridge, afterward as office assistant in Boston, with sundry other duties and interests interspersed, he lived a busy life and evidently kept up a tremendous amount of thinking the while, with eyes and ears open to gather material for these excogitations. A self-imposed drill in the written expression of his thoughts and an occasional appearance in print were among the natural attendants and consequences of all this intellectual ferment. As a matter of course, the strenuous individualist in him protested against the increasing use of red tape and office machinery in railroad management. The elimination of human personality and the substitution of a soulless system did not strike him as likely to make our railways more efficient or safer for public travel. Labor unions, too, he characteristically found to be more restrictive than helpful to the laborer. One pregnant paragraph well states his conclusions.

"From the point of view of the individualist, then, the tendency of modern industrial methods and legislation is to reenslave the world. To a great extent this conclusion is arrived at from a study of the excessive demands and unfair policies of organized labor. The first item in this modern industrial programme is the surrender of the individual workingman. He is called upon to sink his industrial personality and to stifle his industrial conscience in the interests of his union or his class. This class doctrine is not hidden under a bushel. It is proclaimed at every labor meeting, you read it in countless books, it is openly preached on street corners and in all public places of assembly. Finally the movement receives support from an army of well-meaning reformers, the victims of imaginative sociology, who are next in turn to be doctored personally and professionally by some of their own theories."

A knotty problem, surely, is this question of just how much external control is good for a person and for society in a civilization of twentieth-century complexity. Those who think we are suffering from over-legislation will enjoy much that Mr. Fagan the individualist has to say in his book; and they should also at the same time read, in the current "*Hibbert Journal*," Mr. L. P. Jacks's leading article on "Democracy and Discipline."

Mr. Fagan's book, treating intelligently as it does questions of present concern and growing importance, and written in a frank and engaging style that reveals in a most interesting way the dominant traits of a strong personality, is a refreshing and invigorating contribution to autobiographical literature. **PERCY F. BICKNELL.**

#### THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD IN AMERICAN HISTORY.\*

The third volume of Professor Edward Channing's "History of the United States" brings the narrative from the quarrels over the "wrists of assistance" in Massachusetts and the "Parson's Cause" in Virginia through the American Revolution to the end of the government of the United States under the Articles of Confederation. The treatment as a whole is developed from the thesis laid down at the conclusion of the second volume: that differing environment, acting upon an English stock already strongly affected by foreign admixture and by dissent from the established church of the home country, produced a second nation, which the imperialist ideals that dominated the British official circles of that day were not great enough to hold under a common government, and which was sacrificed to the commercial selfishness of the English people, in the narrower sense of that term.

It is in the emphasis which Professor Channing gives to this element of commerce and in the freshness of his treatment that this exposition of the principles and acts of the Revolution is most strikingly differentiated from the other general histories of this period. This may be deduced by comparing with the older accounts Professor Channing's discussion of the Townshend Acts, the commerce of the colonies in 1771, Lord North's Tea Act of 1773, and, above all, the trade of the colonies and States with the West India Islands. This last topic is made prominent more than once: and of particular interest and value are the facts derived from the author's exploitation of the shipping-lists of St. Eustatius and St. Martin, fortunately preserved at The Hague. Nowhere are the commercial power of England and her vexatious use of it brought out more clearly, and the influence of economic considerations in bringing the war to an end.

In many histories of the Revolution written by American authors, military affairs have loomed over-large. To this failing Professor Channing in no wise yields. The pages which he gives to the war on land and sea constitute something less than one-third the volume, and his handling of this theme is characterized by a judicious restraint. His most sweeping generalization we quote,—and leave judgment thereon to the military critics. "The military annals of the Revolution," writes Professor Channing, "are devoid

\**A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.* By Edward Channing. Volume III., 1760-1789. New York: The Macmillan Co.

of the spectacular. . . . No remarkable soldier emerges from the conflict, for Washington was a moral force rather than a general; and of second-rate characters Nathaniel Greene, alone, shines conspicuous. On the British side, Howe, Clinton, Burgoyne, and the rest were mediocre men."

As between North and South, there is happily no sectional bias. Of the first attack upon the South, Professor Channing says: "At Moore's Creek and Sullivan's Island the Carolinians turned aside the one combination of circumstances that might have made British conquest possible." It may be questioned, however, whether the war in the West receives quite its fair share of notice. To the battle of Bennington, Professor Channing devotes three pages, and ten more to the rest of the Saratoga campaign: but the description of the battle of King's Mountain, which Professor Channing calls "the severest action of the war since Bunker Hill," fills but twenty-five lines. In the former case the movements of Colonel Seth Warner and John Stark are duly particularized; but as to the latter, the reader is left to guess who "Sevier, Shelby, and Campbell" may have been, for nothing more is told of them, before or after. Equally indefinite is the account of Lord Dunmore's War.

The importance of the work of George Rogers Clark is, indeed, made clear by Professor Channing, who calls attention, however, to the fact that, in the negotiations which led up to the treaty of peace, he has found no allusion to this conquest of the western country. As to those negotiations, the author holds that the American commissioners were entirely justified in breaking their instructions and in proceeding to the separate treaty with England, and that Jay was rightly suspicious of the designs of France and Spain. For the presentation of the opposite view Professor Channing refers the reader to Professor McLaughlin "in his volume in Hart's American Nation Series,"—which, somewhat curiously, appears to be the only mention of that important work in any of Professor Channing's ample and helpful bibliographical notes. Finally, in this connection, it may be noted that Professor Channing opposes the traditional view that the "three remarkable Americans" outwitted "the complaisant Oswald and the second-rate Strachey," and points to the very apologetic tone adopted by the commissioners themselves when they communicated the Treaty to Livingston.

Having disposed of the Treaty and the disbanding of the army, the author passes to an

enlightening account of the economic adjustment necessitated by the Revolution, emphasizing, as we have said above, the activities of commerce. The succeeding chapters are devoted to political and constitutional developments, and here one begins to feel a sense of compression and omission which accompanies one to the end of the book. The analysis of the State constitutions and the Articles of Confederation is brief, as is that of the financial history of the Confederation and the effort to invest Congress with a power to regulate commerce. The author then proceeds to a longer detailed narrative of the events which led up to the meeting of the Convention at Annapolis and to that at Philadelphia the next year, devoting some space to Pelatiah Webster's pamphlet, to the ideas of Madison and Washington, and to the stern realities of Shays's rebellion. The entire account of the Constitution, the Convention which framed it, and the struggle to secure its ratification by the States, is compressed within the limits of a single chapter. Ten pages of this, or quite one-third of the whole, is taken up with the Supreme Court and its right to declare void statutes contrary to the Constitution. Much of this discussion,—a reflection, without doubt, of that which has lately been evoked by Dean Trickett and Mr. Justice Clark,—might well have been relegated to a foot-note or deferred until the occasion shall arise for an account of the case of *Marbury vs. Madison*, for there remains to Professor Channing but little space in which to tell of the chronology and the inner workings of the Convention. Somewhat unusually, the treatment of the Northwest Ordinance is taken up after that of the Constitution, an arrangement which would be entirely justified if the account of land matters in 1783 and 1784 were given more space and greater clarity. The explanation of the differing land-systems of the East and the South is, indeed, quite sufficient, but the relation of the land question to the general political and economic situation is not so fully brought out.

In his final chapter, as is his wont, Professor Channing sums up the results attained during the period covered by the volume, with an interesting series of notes upon the social relations of the new United States. He thus passes in review the topics of immigration, slavery, religion, education, and penal reform, closing with a very proper tribute to the greatness of the accomplishments of the men of the generation which he has been describing. Thus is brought to its end another instalment of a

notable contribution to American history, the chief shortcoming of which is that, through the limitations of space and human ingenuity, not every part will seem to every critic to be quite so good as the best that the author has given.

ST. GEORGE LEAKIN SIOUSSAT.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Explorations  
in the wilds  
of Mexico.*

Again has Dr. Carl Lumholtz yielded to the lure of the Mexican wilds; and as a result we have what might be regarded as a continuation of his "Unknown Mexico," published in 1902, though it bears the title "New Trails in Mexico" (Scribner). In the region between the Colorado River and the Gulf of California, including the northwest corner of the Mexican state of Sonora and the southwestern borders of our state of Arizona, the distinguished author spent twelve months in 1909-10. The region has heretofore appeared a blank on the maps of the country, and was popularly supposed to be scarcely more than arid desert. It was known in the vicinity as Papagueria because the home of the Papago Indians. Dr. Lumholtz visited the region chiefly for the purpose of reporting upon its economic possibilities, and his report on these conditions is hopeful. The mineral prospects are great; more of the region could be brought under cultivation than people now realize, and the problem of water could be readily solved as soon as the need arose. While making these observations he frequently refers to the extraordinary adaptation of the plant and animal life to the arid conditions of the region, and notes certain indigenous edible plants which might be successfully introduced into other arid countries. Among these is the "root of the sand," which is especially grateful to the thirsty man and quickly appeases his hunger. Dr. Lumholtz's chief delight seems to have been his life in the open, and he imparts to his reader some of his enthusiastic love of nature even as exhibited in desert places. To him "the desert is radiant with good cheer; superb air there certainly is, and generous sunshine; and the hardy, healthy looking plants and trees, with their abundant flowers, inspire courage. One feels in communion with nature, and the great silence is beneficial." That this writing of trees and flowers in desert places is no contradiction in terms, Dr. Lumholtz clearly shows in his botanical notes upon no less than twenty-five indigenous flowering plants. Scarcely less keen is his delight in being able to study the Papago and Pima Indians. He "again enjoyed," he tells us, "the gentle and sympathetic manners" of the Indians. As with the Tarahumaras ten years previously, he entered fully into their life, worked his way into their method of thought and feeling, attended their great annual festival when the sahuara wine is made, talked with their medicine men, visited at some personal risk many of their secret places, and

enlarged his collection of ethnological specimens. He regrets that in the contact with the higher civilization to which the Papagos are now being subjected, they are suffering deterioration both morally and physically; and he cites the fact that in a certain school for Indians, ninety per cent of the children have tuberculosis, in a region where, before the effort to educate the Indians in insanitary school-houses, tuberculosis was unknown. The book contains numerous maps and colored plates, besides photographic illustrations to the number of a hundred or more. The vocabularies of the Papago, Pima, and Cocopa Indians are of great scientific value; while the text as a whole is written in such pleasing style as to make it of deep interest to the general reader.

*Small talk  
of a woman  
of the world.* Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone, wife of the Danish minister to Germany, has published, under the title "In the Courts of Memory" (Harper), a series of letters which she wrote to relatives between the years 1858 and 1875. She is a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was married in 1861 to Charles Moulton, a wealthy banker's son resident in Paris. Possessed of a remarkable singing voice, a charming personality, and a great love of society, Mrs. Moulton was a social favorite in half a dozen countries. Lowell, Longfellow, Garcia, and Delsarte were her teachers; Massenet was a protégé of hers; Auber was her intimate associate; Liszt, Wagner, Jenny Lind, Nilsson, Gounod, Rossini, Coquelin, Metternich, Gustave Doré, Prosper Mérimée, Sir Arthur Sullivan, William Wetmore Story, and a bewildering list of other celebrities were her friends; Théophile Gautier and Prince Oscar of Sweden were admirers who celebrated her beauty and talents in verse; Napoleon III., Garibaldi, and Bancroft were her hosts. From the first page of her book, in which we find Professor Agassiz lecturing on "trilobites and different fossils" in his private school in Cambridge, while the young ladies "try to imitate his funny Swiss accent," to the last, in which we find Sarah Bernhardt, dressed in white trousers and jacket and smoking cigarettes constantly, engaged in modeling a bust of Mrs. Moulton's little daughter ("not a very good likeness"), we are continually in the presence of notables,—viewing them, however, always somewhat ironically and as material for *bons mots*. There are many professional humorists who might envy Mrs. Moulton's happy style and quick instinct for the ridiculous. Letters which lay such stress on the cheerful side of life naturally pass by the serious, much more the melancholy, with as little attention as possible. These memories cover the period of the American Civil War, the ill-starred expedition of Maximilian, the Austrian and Franco-Prussian Wars, not to speak of greater movements which touched her world less closely; yet only two of these are mentioned,—she speaks of the siege of Paris because she was a resident of the city when that unfortunate affair interfered somewhat with her social arrangements, and of the Mexican cam-

paign because one of her friends had amused her with highly colored accounts of his experiences in that country. Thus her volume is not, in even an approach to the degree in which such books usually are, an inside view of great events; it is small talk, pure and simple, though always vivacious and usually interesting. Charles Moulton died in 1871, and the gentleman who became Mrs. Moulton's second husband first met her in Washington when he was Danish minister to the United States.

*More of Mr. Chesterton's delectable trifles.* "A monstrously lazy man lives in South Bucks partly by writing a collects umn in the Saturday Daily News." Thus Mr. Chesterton describes himself in "The Real Journalist," one of the several delightful papers of his new volume, "A Miscellany of Men" (Dodd). Thousands of lazy busy men rejoice that one lazy man has the congenial task of writing such fetching discursions as these. In the preface to his new collection of *mots*, Mr. Chesterton, though flashing and dimpling as ever, shows some inclination to regard his work more seriously than has been his wont. He seems to feel the necessity of offering excuses for his polemics, saying there are three kinds of writers: those who write superlatively well, those who write abominably, and those who *write*,—to which latter class he says he belongs. He writes just because he can. Now the reader is inclined to differ on two counts. Mr. Chesterton does not merely write: he writes unusually well. He is too modest and minimizes his style,—that is the reader's first point of order. The second is that he magnifies his themes. No one would suspect, from reading these sketches, that the author was trying to do anything more serious than play the wise delicious fool in his old fashion. It must be admitted, however, that the polemic spirit here and there manifest does prevent "A Miscellany of Men" from attaining the uniform charm of "Alarms and Discursions," for instance. Some of the papers, like "The Man Who Thinks Backwards," "The Poet and the Cheese," "The Architect of Spears," and "The Medieval Villain," show Mr. Chesterton at his best. Others, like "The Aristocratic 'Arry," fall decidedly below his best, and serve as a reminder that even Mr. Chesterton is no better than Homer. Possibly this master of Topsy-turvydom would be surprised and not entranced at being placed in the literary pigeon-hole with Milton and Bunyan; still his readers will not be startled at the comparison. He, like those mighty Puritans, is ever an Allegorist. The formula for almost every essay in the present volume is the same: a story, an experience, and the deeper meaning. Sometimes that meaning is fanciful and vague; sometimes it is childish; but always it is surprising and suggestive. One other thing perhaps the critic of the future will point out. Mr. Chesterton has performed a mighty feat of literary construction. He has carried the formula of the story over into the essay. In these sketches it is surprise, contrast, aposiopesis, the distinctive weapons of fiction, that compel us willy-nilly.

*Octogenarian reminiscences and reflections.*

Caustic comment on men and institutions as he has seen them in a long and unusually active life is found in abundance in Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's "Retrospection, Personal and Political" (Bancroft Co.), which, whether by chance or design, came from the press in the very month that marked its author's completion of his eightieth year. That he is fearless and outspoken in this as in former utterances, his readers hardly need to be assured. A few of the topics and headings noted in the table of contents will indicate the book's character. History, autobiography, political philosophy, prophecy, and much else, go to make up the five hundred and fifty compactly printed pages of this noteworthy volume, whose chapters deal with such themes as the dark age of graft, the injustice of law, the evolution of high crime, the vagaries of society, waste in education, modern journalism, the throes of labor, Asia and Africa in America, progressive government, and the significance of the Panama Canal. On the question of admitting cheap labor from Asia the author expresses himself at some length in its favor, remarking near the end that "anything is better than the continuation of this dog in the manger policy of union labor, which will neither do the necessary work of the nation and of its people, nor permit others to do it." The best things in the book, unless one's chief delight lies in controversy and caustic criticism, are the pages from the writer's own life, telling of his birth in Ohio, his migration to California, his building up of his famous library there, and the planning and writing of his long series of western-American histories. The vastness of this latter undertaking, and the amount of labor and travel and gathering of material that it involved, impress the reader and hold his willing attention. The chapters treating of the California gold-mining days, of the settling of Granville, Ohio, by some of the author's progenitors and others, of his experiences as "an artless adventurer" in the far West, of the evolution of his library, and his methods of writing history, are well worth reading. The style is that of a rapid and prolific writer, effective for the ends in view, and having the admirable qualities of strength and clearness. Its occasional defects of sentence-construction are readily pardoned in one who obviously has no time to waste in pondering his periods. "Retrospection" is as rich and enjoyable a volume of its sort as one could reasonably desire. A good portrait of its author faces the title-page, and a fourteen-page index closes the book.

*A school-girl's diary of the last half-century.*

A child's diary, as a rule, is begun under parental instigation; and also, as a rule, it is a priggish performance. The child records not what he really thinks but what he thinks he ought to think, and the incidents in his small world are set down with little regard to form or finish. Rarely, indeed, is such a record worthy of preservation. An exception must be made, however, in the case of a diary written between the years 1852 and 1872 by a school-girl,

Caroline Cowles Richards, and now published under the title "Village Life in America" (Holt). Left motherless at the age of seven, the writer was one of four children sent to live with their grandparents. At ten, she looks back on this "past" and even indulges in a philosophy of life in this fashion: "People must think this is a nice place for children, for they had eleven of their own before we came. Mrs. McCoe was here to call this afternoon and she looked at us and said: 'It must be a great responsibility, Mrs. Beals.' Grandmother said she thought 'her strength would be equal to her day.' This is one of her favorite verses. She said Mrs. McCoe never had any children of her own and perhaps that is the reason she looks so sad at us." At the age of eleven, the diarist makes acquaintance with "Gulliver's Travels," but under certain restrictions. "There is a gilt picture on the green cover of a giant with legs astride and little Lilliputians standing underneath who do not come up to his knees. Grandmother did not like the picture, so she pasted a piece of pink calico over it, so we could only see the giant from the waist up. I love the story of Cinderella and the poem 'Twas the night before Christmas, and I am sorry that there are no fairies and no Santa Claus." A good many dignified, amusing, and remarkable personages, the school-girl's contemporaries, teachers, or friends, are pictured in these pages, in a manner at once artless and shrewd; and when we recall how eventful were the two decades between 1852 and 1872 there is a special satisfaction in seeing the spirit of that time so skilfully set forth in the record of this quick-witted young person who is so very different from her prototype of to-day.

*The psychology of intemperance.* There is scarcely another practical problem in social control that deserves a larger consideration and a truer scientific understanding than the problem of alcohol; and there is none that receives less, none that is more beset with prejudice and ignorance and mis-statement and all the evils of irrational propagandism. For this reason alone Dr. G. E. Partridge's "Studies in the Psychology of Intemperance" (Sturgis & Walton Co.) deserves a large circulation. May it receive the benefit of the feeling of good will which its appearance at this time invites! It is composed of one-fifth practical advice, and four-fifths investigation of the facts of the case for and against alcohol. This is quite the reverse of the usual procedure, which upon slight basis of knowledge—and that both selected and distorted—grows eloquent in prescription and proscription, intolerant of opposition, and suspicious of motives. It becomes evident from Dr. Partridge's volume that the craving for alcohol is largely a myth, and its relation to moral obliquity a distortion. Its use is no more a besetting sin than is its avoidance an index of virtue or capacity. The leading nations are the largest consumers of alcohol. Even more fundamental is the fact that the alcohol habit represents an inherent expression

for the life abundant; an understanding of the practical problem of its regulation must not ignore nor yet distort the actual facts of its use and abuse. This refers not alone to the stultifying inclusion of a chapter on alcoholic abuse in text-books for babes, but to the equally intolerant attitude of reformers impressed by evils which they do not understand. To one and all a volume of this kind has an important service to perform. As an antidote to the unreason circulated in regard to alcoholic poisoning, this book may be highly recommended. It is important not because it offers a new view of the effects or a new remedy for the abuses, but because it offers the basis for an understanding of the problem, whatever may be the solution in this or that environment. It also provides for a reasonable attitude towards regulation, which means that it is an instrument of sanity and not of prejudice.

*Adventures and explorations in Old Babylonia.* Life is tame and monotonous in our well-regulated civilization when compared with such experiences as those described by Dr. Edgar J. Banks, in his "Bismya, or The Lost City of Adab" (Putnam). After a most extraordinary game of battledoor and shuttlecock with the Turkish government for three exasperating years he finally secured in 1903, practically at the demand of an American battleship, a permit to excavate for two years in Babylonia. He went out as Field Director in Babylonia of the University of Chicago. Such a story of Turkish intrigue, official graft, chronic dilatoriness, and resourcefulness in piling up obstructions, has rarely appeared in print. Dr. Banks had to encounter almost incredible cunning and duplicity on the part of many of the persons and officials with whom he had to deal. After some months of hard desert travel and Turkish official delays, he reached Bismya, the old Babylonian ruin which he was to excavate, in December 1903. It lies about eighty miles southeast of the site of old Babylon, and about 120 miles nearly south of Bagdad, and about twenty-eight miles southwest of Nippur where the University of Pennsylvania has been digging up treasures since 1888. Bismya is a collection of mounds about a mile long by half a mile wide. Dr. Banks, with his company of officials, attendants, and workmen, prosecuted excavations in this mass of ruins for nearly six months in 1903-4. He brought to light some notable archaic remains, particularly a marble statue of very ancient type,—though this is not, as he claims, "the oldest statue in the world." He likewise uncovered quantities of cuneiform tablets from the Sumerian age, many of them "contracts," and also seal cylinders, rings, vases, pottery, tombs, drains, and small statuettes. The temple foundations were also laid bare, revealing one of the primitive types of that important part of an ancient city. We must challenge the ancient name of the city in the sub-title; the real name found in the inscriptions is Ud-nun(-ki), not Adab. The book is most interestingly written, and is illuminated by numerous illustrations.

*New pages from Emerson's Journals.* The publication of "The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson," under the careful editorship of Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson and Mr. Waldo Emerson Forbes, goes steadily forward, the latest instalment covering the years 1845-55 in two volumes of substantial bulk.

In richness of thought and in freedom and beauty of expression these volumes, showing their author at or near the prime of his powers, are even more enjoyable than their predecessors. His second visit to Europe, 1847-48, falls within the period covered by the first of these two volumes, and furnishes matter for noteworthy comment and shrewd observation. Of Carlyle he takes occasion to say, after renewing his acquaintance with the Chelsea sage: "An immense talker, and, altogether, as extraordinary in that as in his writing; I think even more so. You will never discover his real vigor and range, or how much more he might do than he has ever done, without seeing him. . . . He is not mainly a scholar, like the most of my acquaintance, but a very practical Scotchman, such as you would find in any saddler's or iron-dealer's shop, and then only accidentally and by a surprising addition the admirable scholar and writer he is." Note also this: "Carlyle and his wife live on beautiful terms. Their ways are very engaging, and in her bookcase all his books are inscribed to her, as they come from year to year, each with some significant lines." A chance definition that catches the eye on a later page is worth quoting: "Culture teaches to omit the unnecessary word and to say the greatest things in the simplest way." Illuminating and often amusing are Emerson's keen criticisms of his intimate friend Aleott, to whose foibles he was by no means blind, highly though he esteemed that ineffectual genius. Of Thoreau, too, he has considerable to say, and of Ellery Channing, and others whom we are glad to look at anew through his eyes. Six portraits add to the interest of these volumes; they show us Emerson himself in 1846, Carlyle in the same year, Samuel Gray Ward, Ellery Channing, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and Charles King Newcomb. The synoptical tables of contents and the page-headings serve, as in the earlier volumes, to direct the reader quickly to what will most interest him.

*Two histories of psychology.* It may come with a sense of surprise to many readers that the discipline with which we associate the novelty of experimental investigation by laboratory methods should have a history that requires volumes to set forth. Yet here are two works (and others are announced) dealing with the historical aspects of Psychology. Mr. G. S. Brett's "History of Psychology" (Macmillan) is confined to the ancient and patristic field, and reaches nothing later than Augustine. The other, a translation of Professor Max Dessoir's "Outlines of the History of Psychology" (Macmillan), though it spans the ages from the beginning of thinking to the present in the compass of 250 pages, is itself an abridgment of a much larger work. The two books are clearly not com-

parable in any manner. Yet they both reflect a growing interest in the historical antecedents of present-day interests. It cannot be said that the genealogy in the direct line is clearly determined. The records are very largely devoted to collateral issues. The psychological eddy is commonly lost in the philosophical stream. This is less notable near the sources, and particularly in the refreshing Greek sources where psychological interests emerge clearly, and are often prophetically suggestive. For the most part the interest in such volumes as these must be sustained by the collateral interest in philosophy; and the message for the modern student of psychology remains incidental. But history is ever dominant because irrevocable, and the development of the human interests of which we are the heirs—whatever our specialties—is a matter of moment. It is fortunate that records of this kind are now available to English-reading students. True to their several traditions, the native English product is more readable, is addressed more to the scholar, and reflects a more sensitive sense of proportion; while the translated volume is more in the nature of a student's manual with didactic intent, overrates the Teutonic contributions, is less catholic, and less attractive in its presentations.

*Gleanings from the literature of Canada.* Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee is the compiler and sympathetic editor of six little volumes published by the Musson Book Company of Toronto,—"Canadian Eloquence," "Canadian Essays," "Canadian Sonnets," "Flowers from a Canadian Garden," "Songs of French Canada," and "Fragments of Sam Slick." The contents are apparently well chosen—that is to say, they include representative work of the Canadian writers with whom an American reader is likely to be familiar, and a considerable number of interesting selections from men less widely known on this side of the border. Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the only author who is awarded an entire volume, occupies a place in all discussions of American humor, yet the "Sam Slick" sayings here collected may surprise many readers by their variety and their cleverness. The songs of French Canada are interesting for their content, but they suffer, as all songs must, from translation. Perhaps the least satisfactory volume is "Canadian Eloquence." Few of the orations by white Canadians are remarkable, and the speeches, or supposed speeches, of Tecumseh, Logan, and other Indian chiefs seem like padding. The sympathetic American reader of the series is likely to make two observations: that Canadian literature is strongly and frankly provincial, and that provincialism in literature is not, after all, such a bad thing. There is not a great poem in the "Canadian Sonnets" or the "Flowers from a Canadian Garden"; but, on the other hand, there is nothing of the "strain and rage," the obvious striving to be distinctive, which characterizes so much recent verse-making. One finds a quiet pleasure in reading these little anthologies which is notably different

from the effect produced by the writings of recent English or American poets of equal rank. The individual volumes are attractively printed and daintily bound.

*New essays  
by the best of  
our essayists.*

According to Dr. Samuel Crothers, in his new book "Humanly Speaking" (Houghton), the true American is fond of superlatives. To assert our Americanism, let us hasten to say that Dr. Crothers has once more demonstrated that of all living American essayists he is the most delightful. Most humanly does he speak — wisely and humorously. His range of topics, in his latest collection, is for the most part restricted (if that is the word) to the American temperament of our day and of the new day shining before us dimly and tantalizingly. "That the old order is passing is obvious enough. That a new order is arising, and that it is on the whole beneficent, is not merely a pious hope" — with this inspiring conviction does Dr. Crothers write of modern America. Of the nine essays, we single out "In the Hands of a Receiver" as the freshest, wittiest, and most penetrating. (How insistent is that instinct for the superlative!) In this essay we are introduced to the inimitable Bagster, who is busy reforming everything and everybody save himself, who bids us "concentrate on every point," and who writes the "Song of Obligations," in the manner of Whitman, containing one perfect if unpoetic line: "The duty of doing your Christmas shopping early enough in July to allow the shop-girls to enjoy their summer vacation."

#### NOTES.

"Tradition, and Other One-Act Plays of American Life," by Mr. George Middleton, is announced by Messrs. Holt.

"The Harbor Master," a story of Newfoundland, by Mr. Theodore Goodridge Roberts, will be published this month by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.

Among forthcoming volumes in the "Home University Library" which Messrs. Holt promise for the latter part of January, is "The Victorian Age in Literature," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

The first of what will doubtless be a plentiful crop of books dealing with the war in the Balkans is promised in the narrative of Lieutenant Wagner, to be published early this year by Houghton Mifflin Co.

The well-known English surgeon and traveller, Sir Frederick Treves, has written an account of his recent visit to Palestine, which Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish immediately under the title, "The Land That Is Desolate."

The January publications of Messrs. Holt will include the following: "The Infancy of Animals" by Mr. W. P. Pyerast, "The World's Leading Conquerors" by Mr. W. Lloyd Bevan, and "Socialism and Democracy in Europe" by Mr. Samuel P. Orth.

"Nogi: A Man against the Background of a War," by Mr. Stanley Washburn, is announced by Messrs. Holt for publication in February. Mr. Washburn was one of the few newspaper correspondents to be with

Nogi throughout most of the war, and his book attempts to portray the general's character by pen portraits of him in typical scenes. The book will be illustrated from photographs taken on the spot.

The Librarian of Columbia University has in preparation a Bibliography of American college verse, and would be glad to receive information regarding printed collections of this class, especially those of early date and those printed in the smaller college communities.

Will Carleton, the author of "Farm Ballads" and numerous other volumes of popular verse, died at his home in Brooklyn, on December 18. He was born in 1845, and after some experience in school-teaching and newspaper work became a writer and lecturer of wide vogue.

Four novels of considerable interest, to be issued shortly by the Macmillan Co., are the following: "One Woman's Life," by Mr. Robert Herrick; "Comrade Yetta," by Mr. Albert Edward, author of "A Man's World"; "Patsy," by Mr. S. R. Crockett; and "The Impeachment of President Israels," by Mr. Frank A. Copley.

A Hawthorne memorial in Salem, the city where the author of "The Scarlet Letter" was born, and where that masterpiece itself was written, seems at last to be assured, in spite of the disfavor in which many old Salemites have long held "that lazy Nat Hawthorne." There are still standing in the "Witch City" several houses that at different times served as home to the unappreciated genius; but the plan as announced is to pass these houses by and erect a monument in the shape of a statue of the man himself, the sculptor chosen for the occasion being Mr. Bela L. Pratt, whose qualifications for the task are beyond dispute.

For many years the late Professor George N. Olcott was keenly interested in the development at Columbia University of a small but well-selected collection of antiquities to aid the work of the department in Roman archaeology. In almost every visit to Italy he secured for this purpose noteworthy specimens. At the time of his death there were temporarily included in the collection a number of objects for the purchase of which no funds had as yet become available. It is now proposed, if a sufficient amount shall be subscribed, to acquire these objects for the collection as a memorial of Dr. Olcott's tireless devotion. Contributions may be sent to Miss Helen H. Tanzer, The Normal College, 68th Street and Park Avenue, New York.

An elaborate two-volume work on "Ancestral Records and Portraits" will be issued by the Grafton Press from material compiled by Chapter I., The Colonial Dames of America. It contains the story of the ancestors of a number of the members of this Chapter, arranged in chronological order, beginning with an early progenitor and coming down to the present day. When a marriage into another line occurred, that line has been taken up at an early period and brought down to the time of the inter-marriage and then the main line is continued. As the members of the Chapter are descended from prominent families of New England, the Middle States, and the South, the work covers an unusual amount of territory, and shows the common ancestry of the early settlers in America. An important feature of the book is the illustrations. These comprise over a hundred drawings of coat-armour, and nearly two hundred and fifty reproductions of old miniatures, portraits, manor houses, family silver, etc.

**TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.**  
January, 1913.

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